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# *Bryan the Man*

Albert Liscomb Gale, George Washington Kline

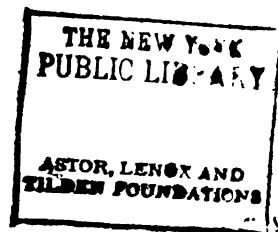




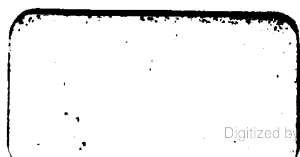






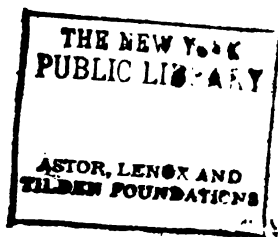


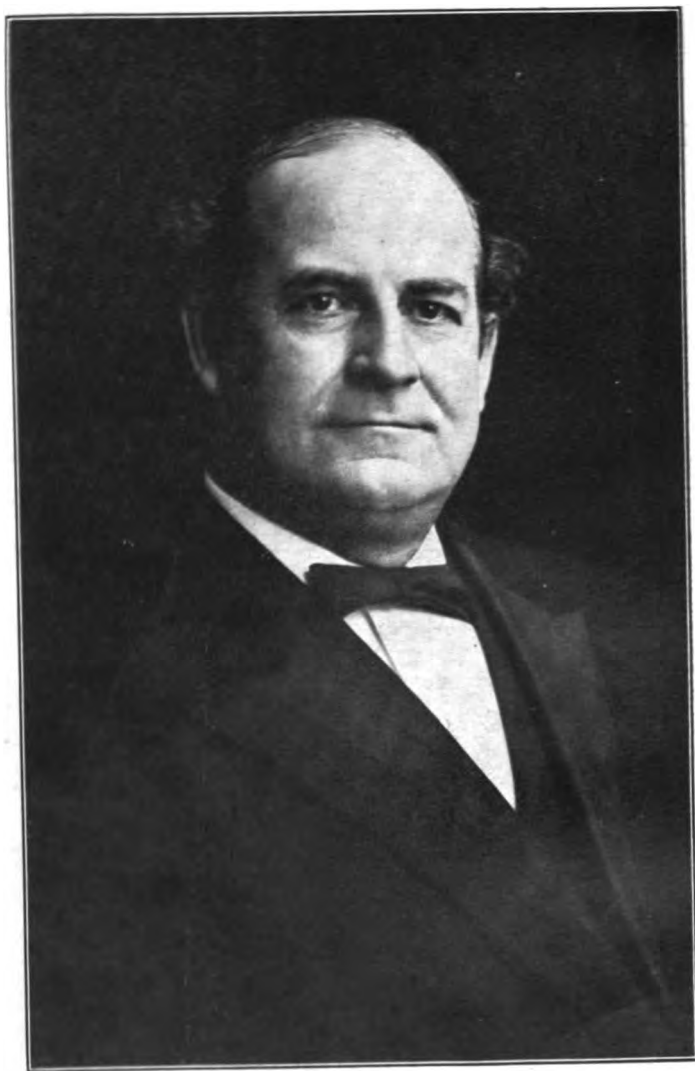




120  
(1900-1901)  
Grade







**WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.**

## INTRODUCTION.

A history of the life of William Jennings Bryan seems not untimely, especially when for the third time he is one of the most conspicuous figures in a contest having to do with the Presidency of the United States. Other biographies of Mr. Bryan have been written, ably and interestingly, by personal friends and political adherents, but the authors of this little volume claim for it that it is the first non-partisan appreciation of the great Nebraskan's life. This sketch is prepared by two men who are not of Mr. Bryan's political faith, and its production is prompted only by a thorough liking for a good and noble citizen, without thought of the theories which have helped to bring him fame.

The book herewith presented is, therefore, a tribute to Mr. Bryan's personal worth and not to his political and economical beliefs. No criticism of his career is offered. It is not a handbook for either political party. Here will be found no undue praise, neither is there fault-finding of any kind. The merits of Mr. Bryan's policies are not made the subject of discussion. The events of his fine, fruitful life are merely recorded in simple words, and an effort is made to throw upon a distinguished subject the light of contemporaneous history, recording his deeds with close adherence to facts and offering neither criticism nor argument with

reference to the things for which he has contended since he became one of the leaders of the American people.

The demand for such a volume as this need not come alone from those who are in sympathy with Mr. Bryan as a Democrat. Those who do not follow his teachings, but who have come to believe that, right or wrong as to his politics, he has proved himself to be one of the great men of present-day life, may find this work to their liking. The most accurate histories of the world have been written in biographical form. No literary force has been stronger than biography, and the one claim made for this book is that it is an accurate, uncolored biography, with a familiar touch that will, perhaps, enable the reader to know Bryan, the Man, better than he knows him now.

We shall make no extravagant claims for the statesmanship of Mr. Bryan. The record of his life, as here outlined, will convey to the reader a knowledge of whether or not he has proved himself to be a statesman and a man worthy of being classed with the truly great. Written by two residents of the subject's home city, it is believed by the authors that the chapters touching Mr. Bryan's domestic life, his work as a writer, lecturer and agriculturist and his movements and pleasures from day to day will give a faithful picture of the real Bryan.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BRYAN THE MAN.

In William Jennings Bryan is found proof of the fact that a man need not "stop growing" when he has arrived at the age of 36. That was the number of his years when, in 1896, he was first nominated for President of the United States, and no doubt there were many at that time who held a prejudice against him because they believed him too youthful and inexperienced for a position of such vast responsibility.

At the time of Mr. Bryan's first candidacy he had graduated from college and from a law school, had practiced his profession for thirteen years, had served two terms in Congress, had won a national reputation as an orator and had been the editor of a daily newspaper. His tariff speech in the House of Representatives had attracted the attention of the country and his free silver speeches had found enthusiastic endorsers in all political organizations.

Still, Mr. Bryan had not, by common consent, been enrolled among the country's great men. His party followers foretold a brilliant political career for him, but even the most loyal of these did not believe that he would lead them in a national campaign as a Presidential candidate or that he would achieve the inter-

national fame that has come to him during the period of his remarkable activity.

When he went to Chicago in 1896, as a Nebraska delegate to the Democratic national convention, Mr. Bryan was a man of unpretentious means. He really lived in a cottage. He had been practicing law because he could make a living at it and had later edited a newspaper because he enjoyed that kind of work. This division of his time possibly created a prejudice against him in the minds of many who did not agree with his political views, and it was frequently charged by his opponent that Bryan had "dabbled" in various things and had not proved more than ordinarily successful in any one of his undertakings.

No doubt many of the delegates to that convention of 1896 had never heard of Mr. Bryan, except in a way that left an indistinct impression upon their minds, when he arose to address them on the occasion that led to his nomination. He went to Chicago as a delegate-at-large from Nebraska and as a correspondent for the newspaper of which he was the editor-in-chief. Few of his friends knew that he entertained an ambition to be President. But Mrs. Bryan knew it, and the wonderful speech he delivered in the midst of the fight on a party platform had been prepared for the fateful hour. There is little doubt that Mr. Bryan and his wife believed that if he could command the attention

of the convention he would deliver an address that would sway the delegates and result in his nomination.

The story of that convention and of Bryan's second effort to be elected President will be told in succeeding chapters. Two campaigns, with innumerable speeches, with a book relating to Mr. Bryan's "First Battle" and, in the second campaign, with a weekly newspaper established in Lincoln, served to give him world-wide publicity. His name quickly became a familiar one in every civilized country on the globe, and his powers as a speaker easily sustained the reputation that he had formed through having been twice conspicuously before the American people.

Mr. Bryan's second defeat found the Chautauqua and winter lecture course movements in their period of development. Cities, towns and hamlets formed their lyceum and Chautauqua associations, and one of the speakers most in demand at all of them was William J. Bryan. During the last eight years he has visited every state in the Union several times, has appeared before thousands of audiences and has remained a strong favorite even at places where his appearances have been numerous.

Add to these opportunities for reaching the public his widely advertised journey around the world, followed by his own book, "The Old World and Its Ways," and it may be safely said that the name of no

other man of our times has appeared more frequently in the public prints than that of Mr. Bryan, and that no face, except that of President Roosevelt, is so familiar to the American people as the face of the Nebraska Commoner.

The lecture platform and his newspaper have of course brought to Mr. Bryan a comfortable income and his receipts have been well invested, the major portion of them in a fine country home near Lincoln. Here, where a big brick house tops a gently sloping hill, with all the accessories of farm life in the surrounding fields and buildings, Mr. Bryan passes his happiest hours. He loves good books and follows a wide range of reading, although, of course, political and economic works command the greater portion of his time. In the home at Fairview he greets his friends cordially, humble and influential alike, and there is, to use an abused term, a deal of "Democratic simplicity" in the home life of this man.

With his townsmen Mr. Bryan is most congenial and his appearance on the streets of Lincoln, when he drives into town behind a heavy farm team, is that of a common citizen. He holds active membership in the Round Table club of Lincoln, whose members represent all religious beliefs and political theories, and the discussions at these meetings are sometimes vigorous and heated. But the close of the argument is invari-

ably marked by good fellowship and a true spirit of western neighborliness, which Mr. Bryan shares in no small measure.

No person in Lincoln, where Bryan has lived since 1887, has ever been heard to say a word against Mr. Bryan as a man. Even his townsmen who opposed him most bitterly in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900 have the highest respect for him, for he has at all times lived the life of the Christian gentleman. The charge of hypocrisy cannot be made to lie against him. A faithful member of the Presbyterian church, his acts on week days are as upright as his deeds of Sunday, and no words of derision can be hurled in his direction when he stands in a pulpit and preaches the religion of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Bryan is generous and kind. He treats everybody fairly, and demands in return that he be treated that way. He can show a bit of righteous indignation when he has been dishonestly dealt with, but this has not been known to lead to the cherishing of resentment against one who has mistreated him or to a desire to "even up" the score. No man this country has produced has been more severely abused from the platform and in the press than has Mr. Bryan, yet his replies to these attacks have invariably been marked by an almost marvelous degree of politeness and consideration.

Mr. Bryan has veritably won his way into the hearts of his "home folks." He has thoroughly proved himself in the twelve years that have passed since he first ran for President. Coming from comparative obscurity, he was suddenly thrust into a place that drew the focus of the limelight and fastened upon him the eyes of the country and of the world. Put a man in that position, and his neighbors are reasonably sure, many of them, to treat him ungraciously if not unkindly. Mankind is slow to recognize greatness in the "home fellow."

In 1896, as we have said, the people of Lincoln knew Mr. Bryan as a clever young lawyer, as an orator of unusual promise, as a Christian gentleman and as a student of politics who owned a few theories to which he clung with as great tenacity as a child clings to a doll. He would not let them go until the people had repudiated them, and in those days, when corporations had more to say about the conduct of affairs political than they have today, he was termed a "crank." The result was that when Mr. Bryan, a Presidential candidate, returned home from Chicago in 1896 there were many in Lincoln—alleged friends, too—who were shocked and displeased.

So Mr. Bryan came back home from Chicago, but in the larger sense he had not "arrived." His townsmen regarded him as their equal in most things, as

their inferior in some, but as their superior in none save, possibly, the oratorical line. To look up to him as a Presidential possibility was, except to the Democrats who had been faithful during the period of his unfolding, a matter to be resented by lawyers whose pockets were fat with briefs and by capitalists whose bank accounts helped to spell the word "Success."

In 1900 conditions at home were much the same. Mr. Bryan was still a young man, and many of his neighbors could not persuade themselves that he was above the average man. Then came the eight years in which this leader proved his quality. He sustained his reputation as an orator and became the best public speaker in the United States. Furthermore, he lived up to his reputation as a good man and held firmly to Christianity throughout the years. He developed as a business man, and showed, to the confusion of those who called him a business failure, that he could guard a dollar well and compel it to perform its proper purpose.

In other words, the last eight years have constituted Mr. Bryan's period of unfolding, and he has come forth a full-grown man. The neighbors who called him audacious a few years ago now concede his ability. They admire him and they like him as a statesman, a neighbor and friend. Bryan has "made good" with the home folks, and the home folks at last appreciate



him for what he really is. Perhaps, after all, this is his greatest victory.

If you would have a mental picture of "Bryan the Man," imagine a straight, sturdy specimen 5 feet 10 inches tall, with a comfortable and well-fed weight of, say, near 200 pounds. He walks briskly and carries his stout body like a soldier. There is speed in his limbs and strength in his broad back. His face may show signs of weariness, but his body never looks tired. After he has gone many days and nights with but little rest, he looks good for as many more. Energy oozes from the Bryan pores, and industry, either mental or physical, is a characteristic.

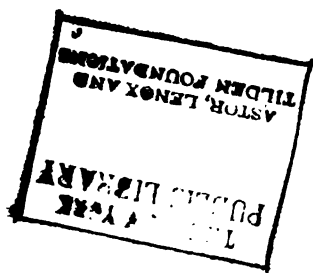
Bryan, though neat in appearance, cares little for fine clothes and it is obvious that he employs no valet, for sometimes there is a dreadful bagginess of his trousers at the knees. But one scarce notices the Bryan limbs, or the wide waist-line, or even the ever-present turn-down collar and black tie, for the sufficient reason that one's eyes are held by the Bryan face.

A wonderful mouth tops the huge iron jaw—the famous jaw that can promote a smile, give emphasis to eloquent words or set tight with a grim determination that nothing will move. The Bryan features are large and kindly. His eyes flash or twinkle in turn, as the mood of their owner directs, and his mobile countenance affords fitting accompaniment to his



MR. BRYAN IN HIS STUDY.

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glances and his words. The Bryan head has grown quite bald, on top, but the familiar fringe of hair still stands out conspicuously under the Bryan broad-brimmed hat.

The man of Fairview takes a lively interest in the humblest affairs of the workaday world. Sometimes, when the cares of the Chautauqua circuit, or of the lyceum platform, or of the editorial sanctum, or of the political conference do not rest heavily upon him, he digs into the work at home and "helps the boys." When Bryan comes to town, at such times as these, he rides in the most unpretentious sort of vehicles, drawn perhaps by a heavy work team from the farm. Then is when the Bryan shoulders stoop, if there be no back to the wagon seat; then is when Bryan acquires the true rural "hump" and, from a distance, looks like any other farmer on his way to town.

When Bryan drives to town possibly he goes first to his newspaper office; then, perchance, to a harness shop, where he has a buckle fastened to a broken bridle; then to the grocery to leave an order for the kitchen at Fairview. No little job is too small for Bryan to undertake when large things do not demand his time. On the farm he can do as much as one of the hired hands. His fingers can entice milk from the generous udder of a cow, and his brawny arms can toss hay to the top of the highest stack in the field.

He can mend a fence or cut the alfalfa, nurse an ailing pig back to health or ride the cultivator with accurate regard for the rows of tender corn.

In all respects Bryan is a plain man and a man of toil. In the words of Mrs. Bryan, "his life has been one of earnest purpose, with that sort of genius which has been called 'a capacity for hard work.'"

## CHAPTER II.

### A BRYAN BIOGRAPHY.

Of what we set down in this book, as little as possible shall be devoted to a Bryan chronology. There is no intention of burdening the reader with dates and names. Rather is it the purpose to get closer to the Bryan life and character than is possible in the relation of facts in straight biographical form, and yet something of this kind is needed to complete a work of such a class and to weave for the reader who follows the succeeding chapters a concise, orderly story of Mr. Bryan's life. So this little sub-division will be devoted to genealogy and to a recital of the principal events that have constituted Mr. Bryan's career.

Mrs. Bryan, in "The First Battle," published by her husband just after the campaign of 1896, says some of the Bryans trace their ancestry to Ireland, some to Wales, while others have followed the name through Irish into English history.

The first ancestor whose name is known to the living descendants was William Bryan. He lived in Culpepper county, Virginia, and owned a tract of land in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Sperryville. "The family name of his wife," says Mrs. Bryan, "is unknown." Five children were born to William Bryan and his wife and the second of these was John, born

about 1790, and who married Nancy Lillard, of an old American family of English extraction. To John and his wife ten children were born, and one of these was Silas, father of William Jennings Bryan.

Silas Bryan was born November 4, 1822, near Sperryville, Va., the old family home. When a boy he came west, made his way through the public schools and entered McKendree College, at Lebanon, Illinois, where he graduated in 1849. In vacation time he worked as a farm laborer or taught school. His was the sturdy schooling of the west, and hardship preceded every achievement.

After graduation, Silas Bryan studied law and when 29 years old began the practice of that profession in Salem, Illinois. He was married in 1852 to Mariah Elizabeth Jennings, a member of an old American family believed to be of English origin. Silas Bryan's wife was born near Walnut Hill, Illinois, in 1834, and at one time she was a pupil of the man who became her husband.

Silas Bryan was successful in the practice of law. He was elected to the Illinois State Senate in 1852 and served for eight years. In 1860 he was elected to the circuit bench and served twelve years. In 1872 he was the Democratic Congressional candidate in his district, receiving also the support of the Greenback party, but was defeated by General James Martin, Re-

publican. Mr. Bryan helped to frame the present constitution of the state of Illinois and in various other ways left his impress upon those movements which served to advance the interests of a great commonwealth. He was a devout man, a member of the Baptist church. His wife, a Methodist at the time of her marriage, joined her husband's church. William J. Bryan, however, is a member of the Presbyterian church.

Silas Bryan died March 30, 1880. His wife died June 27, 1896, only a short time before the nomination of her son for the Presidency.

Nine children were born to Silas Lillard and Mariah Elizabeth Bryan. Of these William Jennings was the fourth, born March 19, 1860, in Salem, Illinois. William studied, played and worked on his father's farm, near Salem, until he was 10 years old. His mother was his teacher. "He learned to read quite early," says Mrs. Bryan in her biographical sketch. "After committing his lessons to memory, he stood upon a little table and spoke them to his mother. This was his first recorded effort at speech-making."

Some of Bryan's critics have called him a good preacher, nothing more. Mrs. Bryan, in "The First Battle," says that one of the memories belonging to William Jennings' boyhood period was his ambition to be a minister. "This, however, soon gave place to



determination to become a lawyer, 'like father.' This purpose was a lasting one and his education was directed toward that end."

When he was 10 years of age William entered the public schools at Salem and was a pupil there for five years. At 15 he entered Whipple Academy, the preparatory department of Illinois College, Jacksonville, and later matriculated in the college proper, being a student at Jacksonville for six years. During that period he devoted much time to public speaking and took part in many oratorical contests. He represented Illinois College in the intercollegiate contest held at Galesburg in 1880, winning the second prize, \$50. In his graduation year he was elected class orator and, having the highest rank in scholarship for the four years of his college course, was the valedictorian on commencement day. That was in June, 1881. The subject of his oration was "Character."

In the fall of 1881 Bryan entered the Union College of Law at Chicago, and while a student there spent many of his hours reading in the law office of his good friend and adviser, Lyman Trumbull. Two years were passed in the law school, and in 1883, after his graduation, he began the practice of his profession in Jacksonville, first obtaining desk room in the office of Brown & Kirby. Mr. Brown, of this firm, is a brother of F. W. Brown, mayor of Lincoln, Neb., a delegate

to the Democratic convention of 1908 and a long-time friend of Mr. Bryan.

On October 1, 1884, Mr. Bryan was married to Mary Baird, and at this time the authors would for a moment leave the subject in hand to permit a word of tribute to a good woman, the true companion and helpmate of William J. Bryan. Mrs. Bryan possesses great ability, is skilled in literary work, is a good counselor in all of her husband's affairs, and 'tis said that she has helped him more than a little in the various tasks that have served to place him so prominently before the people of the world. Mrs. Bryan's excellent judgment and her clear, clean-cut criticisms have no doubt been of great service to her husband.

Mary Baird was the only child of John and Lovina Baird, of Perry, Illinois, her father being a merchant of that town. She was born June 17, 1861. After attending the public schools she entered Monticello Seminary at Godfrey, Illinois, remaining there one year, and then went to the Presbyterian Academy at Jacksonville, where she graduated at the end of two years. After her marriage in 1884 she read law, with her husband as instructor, taking the course prescribed by his college. The Nebraska supreme court admitted her to practice in 1888.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan have three children: Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, age 22; William J. Bryan, Jr., age 19; and Grace Dexter Bryan, age 17.

For three years the Bryans lived in Jacksonville, and a constantly growing law practice was the reward of the husband's industry. In the summer of 1887 Mr. Bryan was called to Lincoln, Nebraska, on legal business, and while there was the guest over Sunday of a young Lincoln attorney, A. R. Talbot, who had been a college classmate. Mr. Bryan liked Lincoln so well that he decided to leave Jacksonville, become a resident of the Nebraska capital, and form a law partnership with Mr. Talbot. These things he did, and since the spring of 1888, when Mrs. Bryan and her little daughter Ruth joined the husband and father in his new home, the Bryans have been Nebraskans.

Immediately after coming to Nebraska Mr. Bryan became actively connected with the Democratic organization in the state, his first political speech being delivered in the spring of 1888 at Seward. Soon after that he was a delegate to the Democratic state convention, and in a short time was in demand wherever political meetings were held by his party.

In 1890 he was the Democratic nominee for Congress against W. J. Connell, of Omaha, who then represented the First district, and Bryan made such a thorough canvass and his speeches were so effective that he was elected in spite of a large normal Republican majority.

In Congress the chairman of the ways and means

committee, Mr. Springer, of the Jacksonville district in Illinois, obtained a place for Bryan on that committee and the first important speech made by the Nebraskan in Congress was on the tariff in 1892. This speech gave Bryan a national reputation and it was widely commented upon in all the newspapers of the country. The address was pronounced by many as one of the greatest efforts ever heard in the House of Representatives.

Before the next election the state of Nebraska had been re-districted. Bryan was again nominated to represent the First district, which under the new arrangement did not include the city of Omaha, and his Republican opponent was Judge Allen W. Field, of Lincoln. Bryan's plurality when he first ran for Congress was 6,713. He defeated Judge Field by only 140.

During his second term Bryan was again a conspicuous figure on the minority side of the House, and it was at this time that he began to pay special attention to monetary legislation, favoring the free coinage of silver.

In 1894 Mr. Bryan was not a candidate for the House, but announced his desire to go to the United States Senate. It was reasonably sure that John M. Thurston would be the choice of the Republicans for that office, and two debates between Bryan and Thurston were arranged. These are counted among the

greatest political meetings ever held in the west. The Republicans carried the state that year and Mr. Thurston was elected Senator.

Having lost the Senatorial fight, and having done little law work in the years of his Congressional service, Bryan accepted the invitation of the owner of the Omaha World-Herald to become editor-in-chief of that newspaper. He began his journalistic career September 1, 1894. He went to the Republican national convention in St. Louis in 1896 as a newspaper correspondent and was still the editor of the World-Herald when the Democrats of Nebraska elected him as one of their delegates-at-large to the national convention in Chicago. The story of that convention, with the free silver movement at its flood and with Bryan electrifying the convention in a manner that brought about his own nomination for the Presidency, is told in another chapter.

Before the convention of 1896 Bryan had begun his work as a Chautauqua lecturer. This he continued and enlarged after his defeat in the first Presidential race, and he has been remarkably successful on the platform. The amount of his income from lectures and from his weekly newspaper is a matter of frequent dispute, but in justice to Mr. Bryan, and as a defense against the charge that he has amassed a great fortune, it may be said that he has made many speeches with-

out pay and that in various instances he has paid his own expenses in order that he might address an audience on a favorite theme or in behalf of a cause from which he could not expect personal gain. Nevertheless, Mr. Bryan has added largely to his stock of worldly goods and he will not deny that he has reached a position requiring his classification among those who are "well off."

The four years between 1896 and 1900, when Mr. Bryan was again a candidate for the Presidency, were filled with work on the lecture platform and in the library of his little home in Lincoln. He built a finer house about two miles east of the city and, under the name of Fairview, it is still his abiding place.

After the defeat of 1900 Mr. Bryan established the Commoner, a weekly newspaper that he still publishes in Lincoln. Demands upon his time increased after the second campaign and he has covered the country many times, filling platform engagements. In 1904, although not a candidate, he was still a conspicuous figure in the national campaign and his services as a speaker continued to be in great demand.

Bryan's journey around the world, also given a separate place in this little volume, attracted almost as much attention as would the travels of a ruler. To a marvelous extent he has kept in the "public eye." His movements, ever since the memorable year 1896, have

## BRYAN THE MAN

been closely noted by multitudes, and two defeats and a Presidential contest in which he was not a candidate are now followed by one in which he is a force recognized by the entire Democratic party—beloved by many and, it must be admitted, feared by some who would check his onward movement if they could or dared.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE CAMPAIGN OF 1896.

The Presidential contest of 1896 has furnished the political novelists of the land with a rich field for the creation of fiction. On June 16, 1896, William J. Bryan sat at a reporter's table in the convention hall at St. Louis and recorded for the Omaha World-Herald the events which led up to the nomination of William McKinley for President of the United States.

Early in July, Mr. Bryan, a delegate-at-large, accompanied the Nebraska contingent to the Democratic national convention at Chicago. "Keep Your Eye On Nebraska," was the adjuration on an immense placard fastened on one side of the car, an exhortation which, during the next campaign, was most faithfully obeyed.

The series of events at Chicago surprised the entire nation. For, with one burst of impassioned eloquence, William J. Bryan transformed the convention into a mob of frenzied admirers. On the fifth ballot he was nominated for President of the United States. During the political battle that followed, Mr. Bryan traveled 18,000 miles in a period of a hundred days. He delivered 600 speeches and his hearers aggregated five millions of people. Each day he averaged 180 miles and his average daily audience has been estimated at



50,000. He set a pace which has been exceeded by himself and which has been equaled by none other.

Bryan's seat in the 1896 convention was contested by his political foes. Even his closest friends did not dream of honor for him except possibly as chairman of the convention, should the conservative forces within the party be defeated. Bryan belonged to the radical wing which championed the free coinage of silver. The first test of strength revealed the fact that the conservatives were outnumbered. Led by David B. Hill, however, and other leaders of national fame, the fight was exciting and uncertain. Thousands packed the hall, listening intently to the orators. From the east came men who counseled conservatism; others, like Senator Tillman, indulged in caustic language and characterized Cleveland as the tool of Wall street.

Perspiring, impatient and restless was the crowd William J. Bryan faced when he came forward to close the debate. There was a murmur of impatience at the opening sentences. This lasted but a few moments while the orator spoke the formal words of introduction. Forceful, majestic, without the least perceptible effort, the voice rose, and for the first time during the convention the auditors enjoyed the comfort of hearing every word.

To the vast concourse of people Bryan was a stranger. His party associates knew him as an eloquent

and forceful orator. But he had never appeared on a national occasion. Before five minutes had elapsed, the galleries, the majority of the delegates and the partisans yielded to his spell. Wild cheering followed each dramatic pause. Then the audience seemed to become hypnotized. Massed on all sides, ranged row on row, in fascinated silence they listened, drinking in the eloquence. When Mr. Bryan told of the farmer behind the plow, the merchant in his store and the hardy pioneers who braved all dangers to make the desert blossom as the rose, something like a sob of admiration pervaded the convention hall. Thousands turned their heads in mute obedience when Mr. Bryan pointed to the west where lived the pioneers "who rear their children near to nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds, out there where they have erected schoolhouses for the education of their young, churches where they praise their Creator, and cemeteries where rest the ashes of their dead."

Next came the moment of magnificent defiance. With a natural pose which critics of oratory have pronounced inimitable, Mr. Bryan said in tones which sounded like well-measured thunder claps:

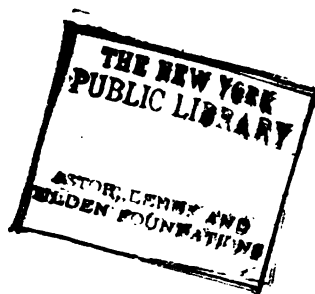
"We have petitioned and our petitions have been scorned; we have entreated and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged and they have

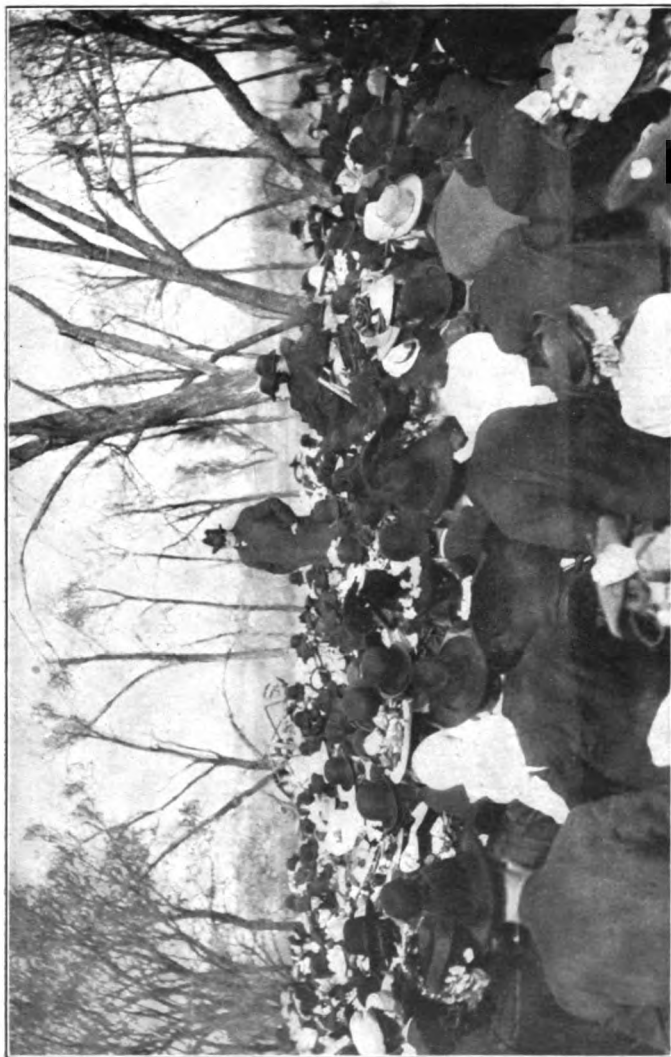
mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them."

A roar of enraged defiance, growing constantly in volume, followed this climax. It was the voice of political revolution. No one attempted to check the wild confusion. The opposing delegates sat sullenly in their seats with downcast heads while delegation after delegation waved their standards at the orator in token of surrender.

Not a moment beyond the natural pause did the orator wait. He did not glance to the chair in appeal for quiet. Nor did he allow the frantic thousands to waste his time. Mr. Bryan made a graceful, almost imperceptible gesture with his hand; his eyes, glowing with the indescribable light of the orator in action, also bade the multitudes be still. Mr. Bryan would speak again. More than that, he might say something during the confusion. Worse yet, he might stop speaking. The roar as of a Niagara rapidly decreased in volume and there was scarce a ripple of sound when the orator proceeded again after a pause exactly dignified and natural.

The convention had found its master. That square-shouldered man, with head thrown back and dark hair falling carelessly over a broad brow, exercised more authority than kings and potentates. He was dictator.





MR. BRYAN ADDRESSING HOME FOLKS AT DEDICATION OF CITY PARK, LINCOLN, TO WHICH HE GAVE THE GROUND.

By the consent of the enthusiastic thousands he was leader of the party. The suffrage of his hearers had been proclaimed in a way which made opponents tremble.

When the dignified yet affable man of thirty-six had concluded his oration with a second master-stroke of defiance, there was no thought of opposition to his will. A grand popular demonstration marked the conclusion of his speech. About 165 delegates departed in stupefied calm, while the crazed partisans of Bryan surrounded his hotel and shattered the city's peace with wild uproar.

East and west, north and south, flashed the news of Bryan's triumph. Unknown at noon, his name was heard in every hamlet before the setting of the sun. The impression of the man was indefinable and blurred, but the whole country knew that a matchless orator had set thousands wild. Under glaring headlines were printed sentences from the speech. Instinctively the partisans realized that some unknown and dreaded change had taken place. They foresaw a new condition of things, strange issues and unknown conflicts. In Chicago there was uncertainty; throughout all the land there was unrest.

The selection of Mr. Bryan as the standard-bearer of his party was inevitable. The masses who heard his speech demanded it. The leaders who worked with

him favored such a course. When the first ballot was taken he had an enviable following, and state after state joined Nebraska until Mr. Bryan, after the fifth ballot showed two-thirds of the delegates in his favor, was nominated by unanimous vote. Another demonstration, as violent and enthusiastic as the outburst which marked his speech, took place when his nomination was announced.

The news of the work of the convention caused an outburst of pride in Nebraska. For the first time in the history of the state one of its sons had been named for the office of Chief Executive. Moreover, it had been entirely unexpected. Mr. Bryan had gone to Chicago expecting to defend his right to a seat in the convention—perhaps unsuccessfully. Furthermore, the nomination came as the result of a personal triumph. Mr. Bryan had expended scarcely \$100 in cash, this expenditure being made to defray the expenses of himself and Mrs. Bryan to Chicago and aid in paying for the headquarters of the Nebraska delegation. These facts, heralded from city to village, provoked applause the more intense and heartfelt because the approval was non-partisan.

To the events in that convention leading up to the nomination of Mr. Bryan we shall refer but briefly. Richard P. Bland, of Missouri, who had fought so long and hard for free silver that he was called "Silver

Dick" Bland, was easily the leading candidate for the Presidency when the convention began, although he did not have enough pledged votes to nominate. On the first ballot Mr. Bland received 235 votes; Mr. Bryan, 137; ex-Governor Horace Boies of Iowa, 67; Governor Claude Matthews of Indiana, 37; John R. McLean of Ohio, 54; Robert E. Pattison of Pennsylvania, 97; Senator J. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky, '82. In addition there were a number of scattered votes for "favorite sons."

On the second ballot Mr. Bryan received 197 votes and Mr. Bland 281. On the third ballot Bryan's vote was increased to 219 and Bland's to 291. Bryan had 280 on the fourth ballot and Bland 241. The contest was settled on the fifth ballot, when Bryan received 652 votes, or more than two-thirds of the number of votes in the convention.

On the journey home from the Chicago convention Mr. and Mrs. Bryan entered the state first at Rulo. From Rulo to Lincoln, the trip was one continuous ovation. At Lincoln a non-partisan reception was held.

After this pleasant prelude the campaign became violently vituperative. Mr. Bryan was assailed with unexampled ferocity by the eastern press. He undertook to combat this hostility by a campaign of oratory. For three months he journeyed east and west, resting



little and sleeping scarcely at all. Newspaper correspondents followed him in droves. Mrs. Bryan accompanied her husband during the greater part of the tour as his most trusted confidante and adviser.

Mr. Bryan returned to his home, merely pale and tired, after such a campaign as no other man before or since has undertaken. Election day was spent mostly in sleep. Election night he slumbered without thought of the outcome. From time to time Mrs. Bryan aroused him and read important bulletins. From her expression Mr. Bryan declared he could discern the import of the news before she began to read. Peace and calm followed weariness and earnest struggle. After hearing the preliminary reports, favorable to the opposition, Mr. Bryan sank into undisturbed slumber, calm, unruffled and unmoved. The fight afforded the joy of combat; defeat brought no terror.

As soon as the result was definitely known, Mr. Bryan sent a telegram of congratulation to William McKinley at Canton, Ohio.

"Senator Jones has just informed me that the returns indicate your election," wired the defeated leader, "and I hasten to extend my congratulations. We have submitted the issue to the American people and their will is law."

Mr. Bryan's running mate in the campaign of 1896 was Arthur Sewall, of Maine. The Silver party, in

its convention that year, nominated Bryan and Sewall as candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. The Populists, at their convention in July, nominated Mr. Bryan for President and Thomas E. Watson of Georgia for Vice-President. The Nebraskan's name was therefore on three party tickets, and he had two running mates for the Vice-Presidency. The national committees of the three parties worked together for the success of the silver movement, which was of course the one important issue in that campaign.

Democrats who did not favor the free coinage of silver held a convention in Indianapolis Sept. 2. Senator John M. Palmer, of Illinois, was nominated for the Presidency and General Simon E. Buckner, of Kentucky, for the Vice-Presidency. The campaign was marked by extreme vigor and earnestness. Party lines were thrown down in many instances and the Silver Republicans and Gold Democrats were alike called "bolters" by the members of their parent organizations. The Republicans had endorsed the gold standard, the national ticket being composed of William McKinley, of Ohio, and Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CAMPAIGN OF 1900.

Long before the Democratic national convention met in Kansas City, July 4, 1900, it was admitted that Mr. Bryan would again be the nominee of the party for the Presidency. Previous to the convention a struggle had begun within the party, the Gold Democrats seeking to control the platform expression on the financial question.

From his home in Lincoln Mr. Bryan sent a number of clean-cut declarations of his views. Many Presidential candidates are as "silent as oysters" before a political convention. After the platform is adopted they are in full and tuneful accord with the sentiments expressed by the delegates, and any provision meets their approval provided it has been passed upon favorably by the convention majority. But Mr. Bryan has not been a silent candidate at any time or in any sense of the word. He is a platform fighter, even when his own interests might suggest only a passive interest.

In June, 1900, Mr. Bryan announced his platform in an article in the *North American Review*. Richard L. Metcalfe, a delegate-at-large to the Kansas City convention, announced on July 1 that the party was to take a positive stand on the money question.

This interview was authentic in every way and cor-

rectly represented the views of the Presidential candidate. And it quickly brought David B. Hill, of New York, to Lincoln. The New Yorker pleaded with Bryan to abandon the free silver issue, but his intercession availed nothing. In fact, it hastened the crisis, for Judge A. S. Tibbetts, of Lincoln, also a delegate-at-large, made the unequivocal statement that Bryan would not run on any platform that did not contain a specific declaration for the free coinage of silver. Unless such an assertion was made, the convention would have to seek elsewhere for a candidate for President.

Ex-Senator Hill organized a stubborn, clever fight, training his batteries on the resolutions committee. The margin was slender and for a time it seemed that there would be a majority and a minority report, with a fierce contest on the floor of the convention. Finally it was agreed that free silver should be endorsed, while "imperialism" should be declared the paramount issue of the campaign. The platform was read and adopted July 5, and Mr. Bryan was nominated. Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois, was named for Vice-President. Both candidates were endorsed by the Silver Republican party and Mr. Bryan was endorsed by the People's party.

The Kansas City convention was remarkable on account of the brilliant work done by the people of that place in providing a meeting place for the great gath-

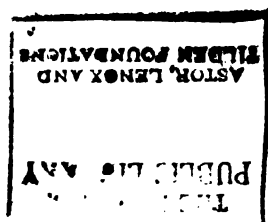
ering. Just three months before the date fixed for the convention the Kansas City Convention hall was totally destroyed by fire. The people were stunned for a short time, but their true spirit soon asserted itself and the work of raising money for a new hall was begun. The required amount was subscribed and the hall was sufficiently near completion to permit its use on the day fixed by the national convention before the fire.

When Mr. Bryan's name was mentioned in the Kansas City convention the demonstration exceeded in uproar and duration all the noise-making records of delegate bodies. John Martin, of St. Louis, the veteran sergeant-at-arms, originated a clever plan to insure harmony and effective results in the "rooting." A huge flag had been rolled behind the speaker's rostrum. This was so arranged that a slash of a knife severed a rope and allowed the flag to descend whenever Mr. Martin wanted to touch off the vocal fireworks. Throughout the hall were stationed captains of squads. These were well instructed, and were armed with flags.

When the name of William J. Bryan was mentioned Mr. Martin made a deft movement with his knife. The big flag slowly unrolled. At the same instant the captains of the hosts of pandemonium became industrious. Flags were quickly distributed to all the dele-



MR. BRYAN RECEIVING THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE AT DEPOT IN LINCOLN.



gates. Bugles, claquers and all the noise-making devices to be found in Kansas City were used. Increasing all the while, the disorder swelled until Martin detected the "psychological moment." Then the big flag was partially rolled up and allowed to drop again, the noise captains gave their proper signals and the confusion ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

At Indianapolis, Mr. Bryan was notified of his second nomination for the Presidency on August 8, 1900. It has been estimated that more than 50,000 persons listened to his speech of acceptance.

The campaign of 1900 was peculiarly quiet. Most of the people were listless, and little interest was taken in political affairs. Mr. Bryan made several trips over the country and delivered many addresses, both at home and on the road. A regiment of correspondents inhabited Lincoln during that campaign, and these newspaper workers met Mr. Bryan several times a day in the living room of the D street home, this being three years before he moved to his country home, east of the city. Robert Rose was Mr. Bryan's secretary during the 1900 campaign, and at all times the newspaper men were accorded the highest courtesy.

On election day the Presidential candidate, weary from long, hard work, passed most of the time in his own room, much of it in sleep. Except for the time required to cast his ballot, he remained in his chamber



practically throughout the day. Election returns were flashed to the library of the Bryan home, and at about 9:30 in the evening it became known that William McKinley had been elected President and that Bryan had lost. The defeated candidate was aroused from his slumber and given a number of bulletins. He smiled and remarked that he would meet the "news-paper boys."

About 11 o'clock that night, Mr. Bryan, pale but smiling, his eyes glowing with good will and friendship, entered the parlor where the newspaper representatives were working. One by one the writers who had worked with him throughout the campaign approached him. The twice-defeated leader had a kind word, a joke or an epigram for each one.

Remarking that he needed more sleep, Mr. Bryan bade a final good night to the "boys" and went upstairs, stepping with the briskness and evidently feeling the elation of a man who had narrowly eluded a heavy burden.

And the newspaper workers departed, all of them with sorrow and regret in their hearts. For they had campaigned with the "Peerless leader," they had lived with him in hotels and railway coaches and way stations, and they loved this man who fought with the intensity of the tiger, who met vituperation with kindly repartee and who awoke from dreamless slumber to face defeat with a smile.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE 1904 CONVENTION.

Battling for what he believed to be right, William J. Bryan was the central figure of the St. Louis convention which nominated Judge Alton B. Parker in 1904. There he compelled the Parker element to accept his revision of the platform. Mr. Bryan did not desire or seek a nomination at the St. Louis convention. He maintained, however, his active interest in party affairs, and when opportunity presented itself, he changed the tariff, trust and corporation planks of the platform to conform to his radical views.

John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, Democratic leader of the house of representatives, was made temporary chairman of the convention. He had brought a rough draft of the platform adopted in his own state and this he expanded to apply to national issues. The committee on resolutions referred the drafting of the platform to a sub-committee of ten members. This body, after careful and exacting work, produced a document which everyone supposed would be accepted without change. But when this draft came into the hands of the main committee, much dissatisfaction was expressed. For a day and a night the document was subjected to vigorous criticism. Bryan took the lead and was brilliantly successful.

In "Party Leaders of the Time," Charles Willis Thompson, one of the brilliant Washington correspondents at the St. Louis convention, describes Bryan as follows:

"Bryan in a fight is an interesting sight to see. He never loses his temper, never abates a jot of his grip on that flowing good humor of his, and never loses an atom of his self-control. Yet he differs in aspect from the politician who enters a fight with the 'gambler's eye.' . . . . This steady, calm stolidity is utterly apart from Bryan's calmness. He is the picture of activity and life. His eyes gleam with the joy of fighting, he is in his element; he does not even lose or conceal his keen perception of the ludicrous, even when the joke is on himself. . . . .

"He was in the thick of every fight; in the Committee on Resolutions, in the fight over credentials. He was all alone, and so he could not miss a single fight; he had no lieutenant to whom to turn the job over. He flashed from one room where a fight had just been completed, to another, there to carry on the next one. Of course he did not sleep. . . . . He did not have over an hour's sleep from the day the convention met on the morning of July 6, to the morning of July 9, when Parker was nominated. . . . . The other fighters could get rest, but the single-handed fighter could not."

But through Bryan's influence the money plank was wholly "compromised out" of the resolutions. The tired convention finally adopted this much-changed platform in a perfunctory manner, and Judge Parker was nominated on the first ballot. Then a spirited telegram from Judge Parker took the convention by surprise. He announced himself as an ardent supporter of the gold standard. A determined fight followed on the floor of the convention, and Mr. Bryan, threatened with an attack of pneumonia, but hastily called from his bed by his adherents, made a speech which many declare was his masterpiece. Earnestly he challenged the convention to express its true sentiments. If the delegates espoused the gold standard, let it be so declared. He urged honesty and straightforwardness rather than expediency.

"Down the aisle came Bryan," wrote Mr. Thompson, an eye-witness of this scene, "white-faced and ghastly, breathing with difficulty, his brows covered with sweat. On his sick-bed he had heard the news, had seen his last chance to turn defeat into victory, had disobeyed his physician, had thrown up his plans for a journey in search of rest, and had come with difficulty into the hall to make his last fight.

"He took his stand upon the platform, and there, still single-handed, fought all night long his desperate battle. Defeated at one point, he turned to an-

other. Again and again he all but won. Those standing near him could see with what an effort he spoke, how the perspiration started from his brow at every movement; yet he was as thoroughly master of himself as at any time in his life. . . . . He never lost his ready courtesy, his good-humor, his thorough self-control.

"And after it was all over, and Bryan had lost, he went to his hotel and fell again into that bed of which he had seen so little for a week. For a man of such superb physique it does not take long to recover from things that would kill another; and after a month of recuperation and medical treatment, Bryan was on the stump again, fighting for the Democratic ticket and laying his plans for renewing the battle for his principles after the election."

First and foremost, Mr. Bryan is a positive personality. He is his own platform and he is greater than any mere opinions he may happen to hold upon passing questions. But express his opinions he will, no matter what the cost.

A delegate to the Republican convention at Chicago stopped at the St. Louis convention. For the Review of Reviews he wrote a sarcastic account of the proceedings. Concerning the Sage of Fairview he said:

"The one strong, commanding personality of the Democratic convention, in my judgment, was,

strangely enough, William J. Bryan of Nebraska. No auditor in the whole convention could have been more unsympathetic with his personality than the writer; yet he is bound to say that he came away from St. Louis with a greatly heightened opinion of Mr. Bryan's mind and character, and with a new respect for his sincerity and courage. Mr. Bryan made a strong, able and persistent fight for the principles that he believed in. He was honest with the convention and he wished the convention to be honest with the people."

The result of the 1904 campaign was an overwhelming victory for the Republicans, and a number of writers predicted Bryan's swift descent into oblivion. They declared he would be enmeshed in obscurity as soon as the convention closed. One Chicago newspaper man alluded to Mr. Bryan's speech at St. Louis as his "swan-song."

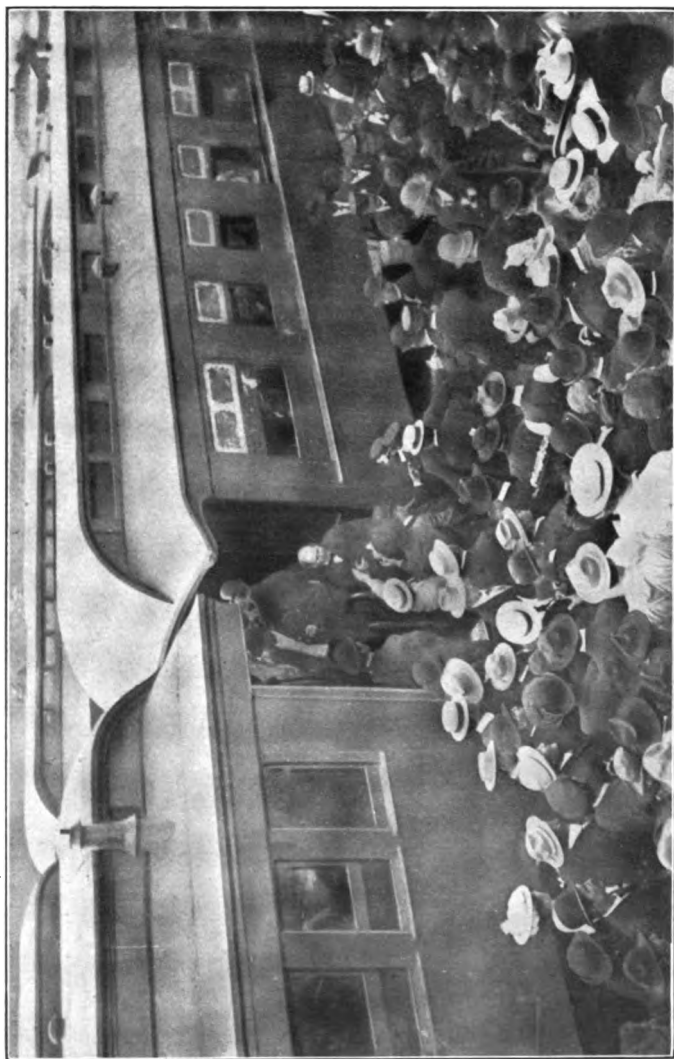
Throughout the campaign Mr. Bryan supported the Democratic ticket, and Judge Parker afterward admitted that the work of the Nebraskan was the most vitalizing that was done. Besides his many speeches, his editorials in the *Commoner* criticised the acts of the Republicans. But Bryan was frank and outspoken when it came to the issues on which he had decided opinions, even to the point of criticising members of his own party.

As soon as the campaign was over, Mr. Bryan in

editorials, magazine articles and in private conversation, urged the Democracy of the country to forsake the paths of so-called conservatism and to fight the battles of the people. In a keen, incisive analysis of the election returns, in the Outlook of December 10, 1904, he declared that the party was in a position to consider the moral issues presented by the pending problems. In regard to the future of the party, he said:

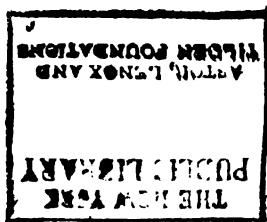
"No proposition is better supported by history than that 'righteousness exalteth a nation,' and it is as true of a party as of a nation. In fact, no one can form an accurate judgment upon the man or individual groups of men who does not accept as his major premise that truth rests upon justice, and is omnipotent. Just in so far as an individual follows this doctrine, he succeeds. There is no other measure of success. In proportion as he departs from this doctrine he fails. If for a time he seems to prosper, his prosperity is only apparent, for no amount of wealth or honor can compensate for the doing of an injustice; and history deals with men, with parties and with nations according to one inexorable law—"The wages of sin is death."

"If I were going to coin a new proverb to fit this case, it would run like this: 'Envy not the prosperity of the evil-doer. It cannot last.'"



MR. BRYAN ARRIVING IN LINCOLN AFTER HIS TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.





"When injustice is done by a large group or by indirection, it is more difficult to trace the responsibility, and punishment may be more slow, but the penalty is no less sure. The man who transgresses the laws of nature may escape punishment for a year or for a decade, but the relation between the cause and the effect, however extended, is not broken. In the case of a nation a century may elapse between the sowing of the wind and the reaping of the whirlwind, but the one follows the other."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CAMPAIGN OF 1908.

Mr. Bryan's strength and prominence in the political campaign of 1908 were the inevitable result of the dismal showing made by the opposing element of his party in the election of 1904, when Alton Brooks Parker, of New York, was overwhelmingly defeated by Theodore Roosevelt.

The nomination of Judge Parker marked a return of the Democratic party to a so-called conservatism, and the opponents of the Bryan faction believed that they had the Nebraskan "downed" for keeps. The 1904 Democratic platform was a compromise, although it represented a victory for Bryan in view of the fact that Judge Parker was a pronounced gold standard man and so declared himself just after he had received the nomination.

Having been twice defeated for the Presidency, and having invited no consideration as a candidate in 1904, it looked at that time as though Bryan might indeed, be "down and out," and that the faction led by David Bennett Hill and others would regain complete control of the organization.

But those who counted the Nebraskan politically dead had not yet come to know their man. His battle against the insertion of a gold plank in the 1904

platform was one of the great events of his career, and is elsewhere described. Notwithstanding this victory, there were many who boasted that "Bryanism" had been killed in the Democratic party; that the nomination of Parker, a gold man, even on a platform that "straddled" a great question, was the complete undoing of the Nebraskan, and that in the councils of the organization he would never be heard again.

How far from the line of accuracy such forecasts were, the four years succeeding the campaign of 1904 have plainly shown. Mr. Bryan continued to be a platform favorite throughout the country. His trip around the world, followed by its notable home-coming receptions, showed that he was still living in the hearts of the Democrats of the country. In a word, Bryan, instead of being sidetracked as a result of the Parker campaign, which indeed made a miserable showing for Democracy when pitted against the strength and popularity of Roosevelt, grew stronger and stronger as the years passed.

The Democrats had twice tried the radical man and had failed. Then they had returned to the conservative, with results far more disastrous than they had known before. Although the free silver issue was well buried, the Democratic party, following the triumphant election of Roosevelt, believed that it would have to turn back to the Bryan creed if it would re-

tain a hold upon popular favor—or, to speak more accurately, if it would obtain such a hold.

And so Bryan, after two defeats and despite a campaign in which he was considered only as a supporter of the ticket, continued to grow.

In the years between Parker's defeat and 1908 a "wave of reform" swept over the country. It might be described as the natural result of a period in which the people, prosperous and little worried over affairs of state, found that they had time to devote to the study of government and the detection of wrong.

The result was that in the period of our greatest national prosperity the country saw the most sweeping reform movement that it had ever known. Men who had been indifferent to party and governmental conditions, who had permitted a few leaders to do all of their political thinking for them, discovered that they were able to think and do for themselves. Therefore, in both of the great parties, there arose a stronger spirit of radicalism.

In the Republican party the attacks made upon the immense financial interests were led by President Roosevelt, and he quickly became the most popular executive the nation has ever had. This is said with full regard for the great love in which McKinley and Lincoln and other leaders had been held.

Roosevelt, in a time when hitherto inactive men

were paying attention to politics, became to the Republicans what Bryan had for years been to the Democrats, and when the first prophecies for the campaign of 1908 were heard the names of Roosevelt and Bryan were mentioned as the logical leaders of their respective organizations.

But Roosevelt was soon out of the list of possibilities, for he announced that under no circumstances would he accept renomination. Mr. Bryan, while not placing himself in the attitude of a seeker, said that if his party called him to be its leader in another national campaign he would not refuse to heed the call. The lines for the contest shaped themselves accordingly, with Bryan as the man most talked about among the Democrats and with Secretary Taft, Roosevelt's choice, and pledged to the Roosevelt policies, leading all the others in the race for Republican preferment.

In the administration of President Roosevelt Bryan found much to commend. During Roosevelt's first period of service as President, it being the unexpired portion of the beloved McKinley's second term, he attempted little in the way of radical reform. But after he had been chosen President by the people, Roosevelt started upon an official career that was both spectacular and productive of marvelous results. He boldly invaded precincts where others had feared to go and ruthlessly exposed corruption in high places. He

called some of the country's most influential men to account, instituted suits for the dissolution of great trade combinations, preached the doctrine of the "square deal" for all, and in a hundred ways won the approval of the American public, which was in a mood to applaud the acts of a fearless man.

In much of this work Roosevelt had the support and encouragement of Bryan, although the Nebraskan did not hesitate to offer criticism upon occasion. The popularity of both men grew and Parker and his eastern allies were almost forgotten. The public gave credit to both Roosevelt and Bryan for honesty of purpose, Roosevelt having the stronger hold, of course, because of the fact that he had accomplished something, while Bryan had lacked opportunity for carrying his theories into effect.

The western and southern states, when they began to hold their conventions for the election of delegates to the national convention in Denver in July, 1908, were enthusiastic in their support of Bryan, and his strength was quickly manifestd. In the east a movement for a "conservative" candidate was started, with Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, as the man chosen to receive the support of uninstructed delegates in the event Bryan failed to have two-thirds of the convention votes on the first ballot.

But in spite of the Johnson movement Bryan's

chances grew brighter as convention day drew near, and the sure place held by him in the affections of his party was apparent even to those who were most anxious to defeat him.

"We'll have to let the Republicans whip him the third time," they said, "and perhaps when 1912 comes our party will have pulled itself together sufficiently to permit the nomination of a candidate who is neither Bryan nor of the Bryan persuasion."

Whether or not this argument, manufactured within the ranks of the minor and dissatisfied portion of Democracy, is well founded the near future will tell.

One of the few sensational incidents of the campaign of 1908, previous to the nomination of candidates, was the effort of certain eastern Democrats to discredit Mr. Bryan with his party, and thus prevent his nomination at Denver, by publishing a story to the effect that the sum of \$20,000 had been sent to the state of Nebraska for use during the campaign of 1904. The supposed purpose in this was to leave the impression that Bryan had known about this contribution to the campaign fund and that he had profited from it. It was alleged that T. F. Ryan, of New York, gave this money.

The New York World, which printed the story, charged first that Bryan's brother-in-law, T. S. Allen, of Lincoln, chairman of the Democratic state commit-



tee of Nebraska, had a conference with Mr. Sheehan, an eastern Democrat, in 1904 in regard to campaign funds; second, that Mr. Sheehan, as Mr. Ryan's attorney, secured from Mr. Ryan \$20,000 for political uses in Nebraska; third, that he made the contribution to secure Mr. Bryan's unqualified support of Judge Parker; fourth, that to disguise the source of the contribution Mr. Ryan gave his check to Mr. Sheehan and that Sheehan gave his check to Allen.

We print Mr. Bryan's reply to these charges merely for the purpose of showing how he handles a subject when he is the one attacked. The newspapers of the country, Republican as well as Democratic, agreed in a declaration that Mr. Bryan had been unjustly accused. All united in the belief that Bryan was an honest man and that if money from improper sources had been used he knew nothing about it. His reply was as follows:

"Mr. Allen says that he never saw either Mr. Sheehan or Mr. Ryan, and I have no reason to doubt his word. If Mr. Ryan contributed to the Nebraska campaign it was not with my knowledge or consent. While I had but a remote personal interest in the Nebraska campaign that year, I am interested in Nebraska politics and am also interested in national politics, and I am not willing to be, in the slightest degree, obligated to any favor-seeking corporation. If, there-

fore, the World will secure from either Mr. Sheehan or Mr. Ryan a statement to prove, in any other way, that Mr. Ryan gave to Mr. Sheehan, to any one else, or to the national committee any sum whatever, with the understanding that that sum would be used in the Nebraska campaign, I shall see that the amount is returned to Mr. Ryan.

"As to the charge that my support of Judge Parker was purchased, I need only to say that I announced my support of Judge Parker immediately after the St. Louis convention, and that support was open and unqualified from the convention until the polls closed. I had opposed his nomination, but he had no more loyal supporter during the campaign. I was in correspondence with him, and both on the stump and with my pen rendered all the assistance I could."

On the day following the publication of Mr. Bryan's reply, publicity was given to a letter written by Sheehan to Bryan just after the World's charges appeared. Mr. Sheehan said:

"I have read the article published in the New York World on May 30 last relating to campaign expenditures in the state of Nebraska in 1904. In view of the fact that I was chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic national committee in that year, permit me to say that whatever money was sent to the state of Nebraska was taken from the general

fund, which money was made up of voluntary contributions from many persons. . . . There was not the slightest suggestion at the time from anybody that you had any knowledge on the subject or that knowledge to the transaction was to be brought home to you."

This practically closed the incident so far as Mr. Bryan was concerned, although it soon became manifest that some of the Nebraska Democrats were to be vigorously assailed and the matter made a feature of the 1908 campaign in that state.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BRYANS IN THE OLD WORLD.

In 1905 Mr. Bryan acted upon a determination, formed long before, to see the countries of the old world, study their forms of government, become acquainted with their people and gather such information as might be of value to him in his work as an editor, lecturer and political leader. He had made a short trip to Europe in 1902.

On September 27, 1905, the Bryan family sailed from San Francisco. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and two of their children, William J., Jr., and Grace. While most the trip undertaken by the Bryans was in the North Temperate zone, they were below the Equator a few days in Java and above the Arctic Circle in Norway. Mr. Bryan's proposed trip to Australia and New Zealand, which was to have been a part of this journey, was postponed to another time.

The experiences of the Bryan family in foreign lands were related by the head of the family in a series of letters to American newspapers, one being published each week for a year. After Mr. Bryan's return he prepared "The Old World and Its Ways," a fine volume containing his impressions of the things he saw and heard on his travels. To this book the

authors are indebted for much of the information contained in the present chapter.

The Bryans first went to Hawaii, where they were enthusiastically received. They then proceeded to Japan, and Mr. Bryan says they were fortunate in the time of their arrival, Baron Komura, the peace commissioner, having returned two days after they reached the country, the naval review celebrating the new Anglo-Japanese alliance being celebrated a week later and the reception to Admiral Togo being another notable incident. The Bryans were cordially received wherever they went in Japan, and their visit to that country appears to have been one of the most enjoyable parts of their journey.

Korea, China and the Philippines were next visited in turn, and in the islands of the Pacific Mr. Bryan gave particular attention to the problems growing out of American possession. As the question of "imperialism" was made one of the paramount issues in the Bryan campaign of 1900, his views regarding the future of the Filipinos will not be out of place in this connection:

"Our nation is unfitted by history and by tradition to exploit the tropical countries according to the methods employed by the monarchies of Europe. To hold the people in subjection requires a large military expenditure. If we were to attempt to make our own

people bear such a burden, they would soon protest. If we were to make the Filipinos bear it, it would crush them. The Filipinos would resist such a policy, if employed by us, more bitterly than if it were employed by a European country, because they have learned from us the lessons of liberty. Subject peoples are not willing laborers, and our country would not endorse a system of compulsory labor. Education, too, is inconsistent with a permanent colonial system and cannot be carried far without danger to the ruling power.

"We must choose, therefore, between two policies, and the sooner the choice is made, the better. As we cannot adopt the European policy without a radical departure from our ideals, and ultimately from our form of government at home, we are virtually forced to adopt a plan distinctly American—a plan in which advice, example and helpfulness shall be employed as means of reaching the native heart.

"Some of the European nations have been content to seize land and develop it with European capital and Chinese labor. Our plan must be to develop the natives themselves by showing them better methods and by opening before them a wider horizon."

Mr. Bryan believes in early independence and self-government for the Christian Filipinos living in the north of the islands. "While the work of establish-

ing a stable government among the Moros is a more difficult one and will proceed more slowly," he says, "the same principles should govern it. Even among the Moros I believe it is possible to introduce American ideas. While the Moros are a fierce people and accustomed to bloodshed, they have enough good qualities to show the possibility of improvement."

From the Philippines the Bryans went to Java, India, Burma, the Holy Land, Turkey, Hungary and Austria-Hungary. Their course then took them to Russia, where Mr. Bryan was received, as he had been received elsewhere, with marked attention. He attended two sessions of the Duma and was cordially greeted by the representatives of all classes. Mr. Bryan's opinion of Russia, written at that time, may well be noted in this connection:

"Russia is not decaying," he declared. "She has extent of territory, abundant natural resources and an immense population. That Russia has a great future is not open to doubt. What experience she may pass through before she emerges a free, self-governing and prosperous nation no one is wise enough to foresee, but the people who have sacrificed as much for liberty as have the Russian patriots have in them the material of which mighty nations are made."

The Bryan party visited the other countries of Europe, and their receptions were uniformly courteous

and enthusiastic. The members of the family met crowned heads, and Mr. Bryan addressed many large audiences during his trip abroad.

Concerning his visit at the home of Count Leo Tolstoy, the "intellectual giant of Russia," Mr. Bryan says:

"I had intended remaining only a few hours, but his welcome was so cordial that my stay was prolonged until near midnight. Count Tolstoy is now about 76 years old, and while he shows the advance of years he is still full of mental vigor and retains much of his physical strength.

"The room which I occupied was the one used by the count as a study in his younger days, and I was shown a ring in the ceiling from which, at the age of 48, he planned to hang himself—a plan from which he was turned by the resolve to change the manner and purpose of his life.

"As is well known, Count Tolstoy is a member of the Russian nobility and for nearly fifty years led the life of a nobleman. He sounded all the 'depths and shoals of honor' in the literary and social world. He realized all that one could wish or expect in these lines, but found that success did not satisfy the cravings of the inner man. While he was meditating upon what he had come to regard as a wasted life, a change came over him, and with a faith that has never faltered

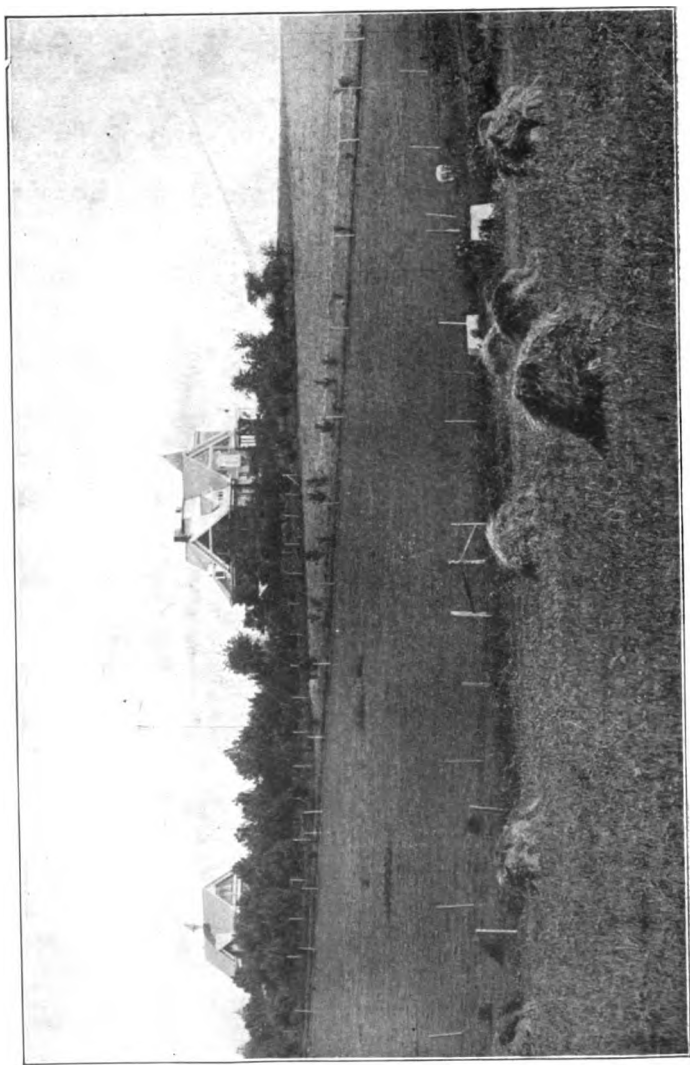


he turned about and entered upon a career that has been unique in history. He donned the simple garb of the peasant and, living frugally, has devoted himself to philosophy and unremunerative work—that is, unremunerative from a financial standpoint, although he declares that it has brought him more genuine enjoyment than he ever knew before.”

Mr. Bryan's return to the United States after his long trip abroad was marked by great receptions and cordial greetings. In New York he was welcomed by a delegation of “home folks” from Nebraska, who escorted him to Lincoln, his home city, where a monster reception was given in his honor. Thousands of people were massed in the state house square on the evening of his arrival in Lincoln, and after a parade in which representatives of all political parties took part, Mr. Bryan addressed the immense throng from the balcony of the capitol building. This display of cordiality on the part of his neighbors was no doubt one of the satisfying experiences of his eventful career.

In New York, also, there was a formal reception, the plans being carried out on a large scale. Mr. Bryan addressed a huge audience in Madison Square Garden and there was a parade that holds a place almost unique in the history of this country, all of it being done in honor of one who was not then in pub-





A VIEW OF THE BRYAN FARM, FAIRVIEW.

lic life and whose highest official position had been that of Congressman.

After a round of receptions, banquets and other events prepared for him, Mr. Bryan settled back to something of routine, if there has been such in his life, and devoted his time to the lecture platform, to his newspaper and, in the few hours he could find for repose and study, to the pleasures that were to be had in his Fairview home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HOME-COMING IN 1906.

When William J. Bryan reached New York City on his return from Europe, August 29, 1906, he was accorded such a greeting as has been tendered to no other American citizen not in an official capacity. His welcome on the Atlantic coast was in marked contrast to his departure from the Pacific side a year before. Then he was practically ignored. Not a half dozen people appeared on the San Francisco dock to bid the Bryans "bon voyage." The only demonstration in his honor was a quiet reception given by the San Francisco Press club.

On his return the arrangements for his reception had been made on a national scale. The railroads all over the country had offered special excursion rates to New York and the crowds poured in by train-loads. The Democratic state organizations throughout the country had passed resolutions welcoming Bryan home, and had declared themselves for his nomination in 1908. Nearly a thousand leading men of the United States had been invited to platform seats in Madison Square Garden, where Mr. Bryan was to make his great speech. The general opinion seems to be that if the election could have been held at the time of his arrival, before he had had time to make a

single speech, Mr. Bryan would have carried the country by a decided majority.

But after his speech, which made the country gasp, sentiment cooled and discord became apparent. He spoke eloquently for nearly an hour and a half and he devoted only about four minutes to his declaration that in his opinion the general Government would some day be obliged to assume ownership of the various railway lines of the country.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Bryan fully realized the chances he was taking in thus expressing his opinions. Senator Bailey, of Texas, in some way got an inkling of the Nebraskan's determination to declare himself in favor of ultimate government ownership, and he labored earnestly up to the very moment of the beginning of the speech, doing everything in his power to induce Mr. Bryan just to keep still on this one topic. But he begged, he pleaded, he adjured, in vain. The only concession the speaker would make was to express his views as his own private opinion and not to commit his party to this issue. This action on Mr. Bryan's part is a striking exemplification of his whole aim in life as expressed to Mr. Hayne Davis while in attendance at the London Peace Conference shortly before he sailed for home. Mr. Davis had spoken to him of the likelihood of his being the

next President of the United States. In reply, Mr. Bryan said slowly and most earnestly:

"Mr. Davis, I am not sure that it is for me to be President. I have to antagonize established errors so constantly that I sometimes think a man should be at Washington, even in case of Democratic success, who has not been compelled to fight so incessantly. But, in addition to this, if I think of how my actions are going to affect my chances of election to office, or even the party's chances of success, I lose my liberty. I don't know that the Presidency will ever be my proper place. I do know that the advocacy of what I consider right is always my proper place. So I have put the question of election to office out of my mind, and claim for myself the liberty of advocating my ideas of what I think right. If the Presidency comes on that basis, well and good. If not, I have fulfilled my function among my fellow-men."

Mr. Bryan's ability to stand inflexibly for a principle in the face of unlimited opposition, his superb superiority to clamor, have often been shown, but perhaps no more pointedly than in regard to this Madison Square Garden speech of 1906. The revulsion of his party was quick and decided, but Mr. Bryan has immovably stood his ground.

It was a valuable year that Mr. Bryan spent abroad previous to his spectacular home-coming. It has

given him the broader, world-view of affairs which is needed by every public man. The Bryans traveled quietly and unostentatiously, just as thousands of American citizens do every year. They took with them only the ordinary passports from the State department, and the honors heaped upon them everywhere were not of their seeking. They chose, when possible, comfortable but economical hotels, and automobiles, steam yachts and private cars were not in their scheme of progress. They had not the faintest expectation of being lionized and feted, as they were, but it was said of him that he "carried Europe by a large majority." He certainly represented the American people in a creditable manner during his travels.

Staid and dignified New York was surprised at the reception given William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, by the "Home Folks," when the incoming liner, the Prinzess Irene, entered the harbor. Mayor Dahlman, of Omaha, led a crowd of 150 enthusiastic Nebraskans, who had journeyed by special train to New York City to greet the returning traveler.

The arrangements made by the New York committee did not exactly appeal to the Nebraskans. Telegrams were exchanged with President Roosevelt, and on the afternoon of August 29 the "Home Folks," in the Eugene F. Moran and the Julia C. Moran, the two fastest tugs on the bay, sped over the water to give



Mr. Bryan the surprise of his life. Permission had been secured from the President and they were prepared to take Mr. and Mrs. Bryan from the Princess Irene.

"We are Nebraska boys" echoed over the water, 150 voices barking out the defiant words. Bryan, all unconscious of the "trouble," stood at the rail of the vessel with his family, all straining their eyes shoreward. When the two tugs loomed in sight and he heard the wild refrain, "So what — do we care" (this sentence of the song had been carefully edited on account of Mr. Bryan's well-known preferences), he "tumbled" in a moment. The liner was not equipped with wireless telegraphy. The plans of the excursionists had been well kept from Mr. Bryan and he was taken completely off his guard.

The two tugs began to maneuver for position. Captain Buchanan, of the police boat Patrol, told the Nebraskans to keep away and not disturb the liner. Other plans had been made, however, and the captain was not taken into the confidence of the visitors. The Illini, the yacht of E. H. Goltra, a St. Louis friend and old schoolmate of Mr. Bryan, beat the tugs out and put Mayor Brown, of Lincoln, and Lewis Nixon aboard the vessel. Then Dahlman's tug ran up to the liner and the Nebraskans turned loose volleys of

wild yells which alarmed the denizens of Staten Island.

For the face of William J. Bryan, bronzed with the suns of many climes, was beaming at the "Home Folks" from the vessel's rail. For once in his life the Commoner was incapable of speech. The yelling of the Nebraskans, however, atoned for any lack of words on his part.

"We are, we are, we are, we are the Nebraska boys," chorused the voices. That settled it. The tug rose on a gigantic swell and William J. Bryan made a flying leap for the deck of the little boat and landed among his friends. Mrs. Bryan was assisted to the deck of the tug a moment later. There were frantic hand-clasps, shouts of congratulation and lusty cheering. Passengers on the ocean greyhound caught the spirit of the wild and frenzied welcome and cheered with all their might.

After Mr. Bryan had shaken hands all around on the one Moran boat, he stepped over to the other tug and continued the ceremony of greeting his friends. Meanwhile Mayor Dahlman, a former cowboy, had braced himself for a "roping" feat. As soon as he got a good chance to swing his lariat, the rope shot through the air and landed gracefully over Mr. Bryan's shoulders. Mayor Dahlman drew in the slack and Mr. Bryan was roped good and hard.

Mr. Bryan seemed to enjoy the roping incident quite as much as the others. A member of the party explained the kidnapping plan, and promised to give it up if Mr. Bryan would make a speech.

"I am very proud of my Nebraska friends," said Mr. Bryan. "Nebraska is the best state in the Union. Lincoln is the best city in Nebraska and Fairview is even better than Lincoln. I was going out there to see you, but you have come here to see me, and you've given me the pleasure of seeing you about six days before I supposed I'd get a sight of you. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this welcome, and I am going to do all I can to help the Democrats.

"Maybe you think it is easy for a man to express himself on such an occasion; if anyone does, I'll undertake to pay him a handsome sum to step up and tell me just how good I feel if he can do it any better than I have done."

"Say," called out Mayor Dahlman, "what arrangements have you made about going back to Nebraska?"

"Well, you know there's to be a gathering in Chicago on Tuesday night next," called back Mr. Bryan.

"You'll have to cut that out unless we are in it," declared Mr. Dahlman.

"Do you want me to go with you?" asked Mr. Bryan, using his hands as a megaphone.

"Yes, yes, yes," chorused the delegates.

"Will you let us take you to Chicago and wait for you, and then take you back home?" bawled the mayor.

"Dee-lighted," roared Mr. Bryan, making a profound bow, and showing his teeth.

That was the signal for another outbreak, and then the delegates, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," began to sing:

"We're here because, we're here because, we're here because we're here."

Then the crowd started over for Mrs. Bryan, and one of the "Home Folks" handed two large bunches of flowers to her, which he said had come all the way from Nebraska and had been picked by the women-folks out there.

"I thank you heartily," said Mrs. Bryan, her face beaming with pleasure.

Then the launch shot over from Mr. Goltra's yacht, and with a farewell hand-shake, Mr. Bryan and his wife stepped on board and were whisked away to the yacht, which put off for Staten Island, while the Moran tugs, bearing a hoarse crowd of "Home Folks," poked their noses toward the Battery.

The "Home Folks," proudly bearing the Bryans with them, left New York for Lincoln September 3. Ovation followed ovation all the way, the most important speeches on the journey being made at Detroit

and Chicago. The special train pulled into the Burlington station in Lincoln at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of September 5. Some 42,000 persons visited the state fair that day—Bryan day—and all these and many more were thronging the streets to catch a glimpse of the returning statesman. The party was escorted by six bands and a mounted guard to the home of Charles W. Bryan, his brother, at Nineteenth and Washington streets.

The special mounted guard of honor of sixteen, escorting the Bryan carriage under the command of Col. C. J. Bills, was composed of the following men: E. M. Westervelt, S. M. Melick, T. J. Doyle, George Donelson, Herbert Folsom, Morris Folsom, Frank Rawlings, W. G. L. Taylor, Dr. R. E. Giffen, Landy Clark, A. F. Burke, Wilford Johnston, Charles Wilson, and F. J. Zimmer.

At 7 o'clock Mr. Bryan, from the north balcony of the statehouse, addressed a crowd which covered about four acres. Mayor Brown acted as presiding officer at the statehouse. Governor Mickey gave the address of welcome. The receiving line for the reception which followed the addresses was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Governor Mickey and Mrs. Mickey, Mayor F. W. Brown and Mrs. Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Miller. The crowd was so great and Mrs. Bryan was so tired that some of her friends before the

reception tried to dissuade her from shaking hands, but she insisted, saying:

"I have shaken hands wherever else we have stopped and of course I want to shake hands with the home people."

The capital grounds were densely crowded and the many who could not enter the building were entertained by a fine display of fireworks. The entire city was jubilantly jolly, gloriously happy.

Ten Nebraska mayors led the enthusiastic crowd of "Home Folks" on the memorable journey to New York. Some of the banners and transparencies have become famous. Among them were the following:

"We Have Kept the Faith."

"What Is Home Without a Bryan?"

"They Called Him the Boy Orator of the Platte."

"We Knew They Would Come to Know Him."

The following are the names of the mayors in the party:

Dahlman, Omaha; Brown, Lincoln; Burke, Friend; Ward, Tecumseh; Hunker, West Point; Watzke, Humboldt; Gering, Plattsmouth; Friday, Norfolk; Uhlig, Holdredge; McCrae, North Platte.

The rank and file of the "Home Folks" was made up of the following:

Frank W. Brown, Jr., Lincoln; H. S. Daniel,

Omaha; Dr. P. L. Hall, Lincoln; W. H. Green, Creighton; J. R. Gilchrist, Omaha; H. S. Byrne, Omaha; Dr. T. J. Dwyer, Omaha; P. C. Heafey, Omaha; J. A. C. Kennedy, Omaha; Harry Hayward, Omaha; H. J. Whipple, Omaha; Edgar Adler, Seward; Gus N. Friend, Lincoln; J. R. Buckner, Lincoln; W. J. D. Counts, University Place; H. H. Huffaker, Silver City, Iowa; C. C. Cannam, Omaha; J. L. Ream, Axtell, Kas.; H. C. Richmond, Fremont; O. W. Palm, Lincoln; A. J. Love, Omaha; W. L. Anderson, Omaha; L. J. Doup, Omaha; Dr. Gotham, Omaha; Burt Murphy, Omaha; Charles Furay, Omaha; P. J. Sullivan, Omaha; L. I. Abbott, Omaha; C. W. Ortman, Omaha; A. D. Webber, Creighton; L. D. Smith, Creighton; J. G. Beste, Hartington; Samuel Wilder, Hartington; John Milliken, Fremont; George Looshen, Fremont; J. A. Donohoe, O'Neill; A. F. Mullen, O'Neill; C. C. Smrha, University Place; John Davis, University Place; Frank Hardy, University Place; John G. Maher, Lincoln; H. E. Newbranch, Omaha; Goodley F. Brucker, Omaha; John C. Drexel, Omaha; W. R. Bennett, Omaha; R. H. Harris, Missouri Valley; Ed. Woods, York; George Cochran, Lincoln; T. R. Porter, Omaha; J. B. McDonald, North Platte; Judge Kelligar, Auburn; C. B. Dugdale, Omaha; Charles Higgins, Omaha; Frank Stout, Omaha; T. P. Redmond, Omaha; W. E.

Barkley, Lincoln; W. H. Cowgill, Holdrege; J. W. Leyda, Plattsmouth; W. B. Eastham, Broken Bow; Matt Miller, David City; S. A. Lewis, Omaha; W. E. Spencer, Omaha; H. W. Brenizer, Omaha; A. N. Fricke, Omaha; Fred Stubbendorf, Omaha; E. M. Friend, Lincoln; Dr. J. F. Lynn, Omaha; R. Mosier, Silver City, Iowa; W. F. Green, Hamburg, Iowa; Col. W. F. Davis, Hamburg, Iowa; W. C. Sunderland, Omaha; Dr. A. W. Riley, Omaha; W. F. Stoeckery, Omaha; J. H. Bulla, South Omaha; Edgar Howard, Columbus; Findley Howard, Columbus; M. D. Welch, Lincoln; W. C. Wilson, Lincoln; M. H. Beck, Lincoln; Dan V. Stephens, Fremont; B. Neptune, Fremont; L. Funke, Lincoln; Frank Dowalter, Lincoln; Harry Dungan, Hastings; G. W. Phillips, Columbus; Frank C. Babcock, Hastings; H. Froos, Lincoln; William Wermerker, Scribner; Harley G. Moorhead, Omaha; J. C. Cutright, now of Peoria, Ill.; James B. Davis, Humboldt; P. E. McKillip, Humphrey; D. J. O'Brien, North Platte; Joseph Hayden, Omaha.

On October 1 the "Home Folks" gathered at Fairview as the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan. The stirring incidents of the New York reception were recounted. A permanent organization was formed, Edgar Howard being chosen president. The reunion will be an annual event.

On "Bryan day" the Nebraska State Journal, a Re-



publican newspaper, had on its front page a large picture of Mr. Bryan, underneath which appeared the following poem by A. L. Bixby:

YOU ARE WELCOME, MR. BRYAN.

"Praise the Lord for times when people, bidding politics be still,  
Meet and greet the common hero with expressions of good will.  
When the slogan has been sounded and the battle-cry is raised,  
Then it is that friendship ceases, but this moment, God be praised,  
Is the time and the occasion to pursue another tack—  
You are welcome, Mr. Bryan; we are glad to see you back.

"What a journey you have taken, everybody understands,  
And what facts you have recorded in this trip through foreign lands.  
You have watched the Jap man toiling and the little ones at play,  
You have seen the Brahmin worship in his own peculiar way;  
You have been where Aaron traveled, you have trod the selfsame track—  
You are welcome, Mr. Bryan; we are glad to see you back.

"Through the streets of old Calcutta I can see you  
thread your way,  
And I saw you at Benares, and I heard you at Bom-  
bay.  
Past the jungle where the tiger waits to stalk its prey  
perforce,  
Over plains and hills and mountains you pursued your  
restless course.  
Of the garnered information, sure your letters show  
no lack—  
You are welcome, Mr. Bryan; we are glad to see you  
back.

"This the day to be devoted to benevolent good cheer,  
Everybody quite delighted to see everybody here.  
Let us all with kindly greetings and with freedom  
from all fret,  
Make the day and the occasion one we never can for-  
get;  
Let the noisy politician for a moment hush his  
clack—  
You are welcome, Mr. Bryan; we are glad to see you  
back."

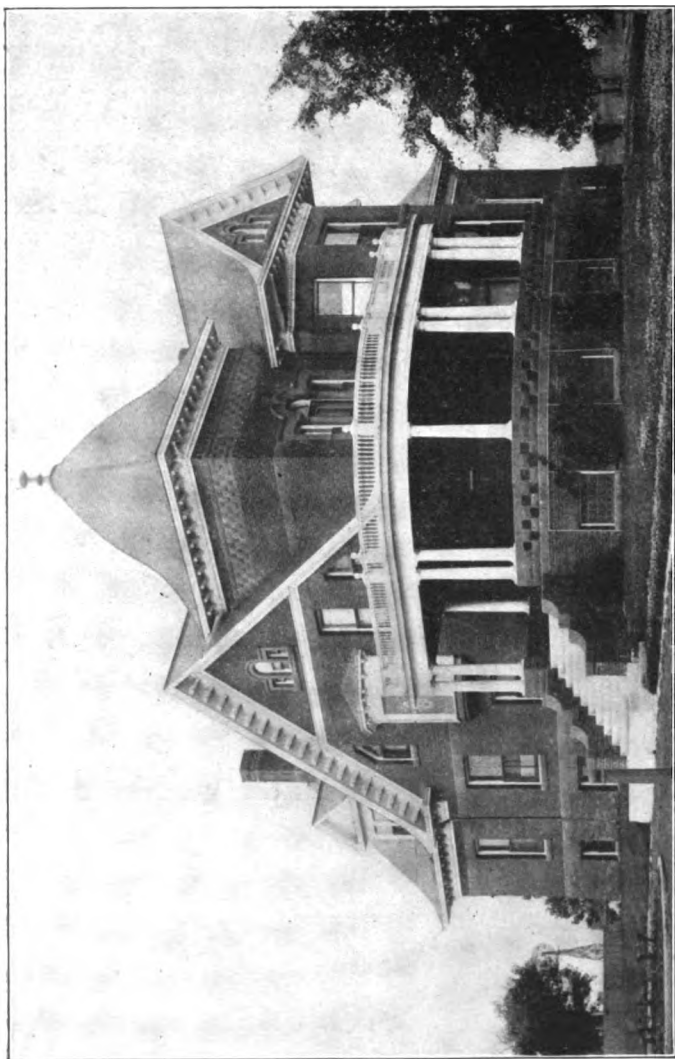
## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BRYAN FARM.

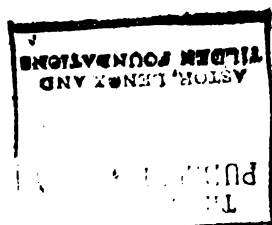
Go east two miles with the rural postman from the sub-station in South Lincoln until you come to a minute green house, perched high on stilts to fend disaster from Nebraska rains and allow easy access from a mail wagon. This green house, "W. J. B., Route 3, Box 28," is right at the back door of the Bryan farm. The stranger enters not this way. He approaches via cement walks from the front, where all the seams of the farm are nicely pressed, the bastings withdrawn, where lovely insertion of flowers and shrubs is about the house, Fairview, itself, and the whole garment of this bit of nature is hung before him spick and span.

But enter the back way, via the little green house on stilts. On one side of the road is a pasture, ankle-deep in blue grass, and beyond it a strip of corn. On the other side, from the letter-box, is Fairview and about it pasture, orchards, deep green alfalfa and the buildings wherein stock has been sheltered that are remembered with bits of gay prize ribbon, all carefully preserved by the owner of Fairview.

When one goes to the Bryan farm he steps not only on land that has sprung gladly to meet the feet of a world-traveler who has known kings but who loves the



FAIRVIEW—THE BRYAN HOME NEAR LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.



soil, but the tourist, loafer or politician, mayhap, enters a farm that is without a boss.

"Boys, I suppose I'm boss here, but I believe we won't have a boss. I believe you work better without one."

This good-natured phrase, bedded on solid common-sense, however, is quoted by the farm "hands." It came from Mr. Bryan and it has been one of the practical working rules of the farm, not an aphoristic bit of Utopianism. The farm is run with the least possible amount of centralized direction. And, curiously, the farm prospers.

Each spring Mr. Bryan and the "boys" have a heart-to-heart talk. It is the same sort of discussion that one hears on any other farm in the spring-time. Its location is a matter of accident. The pig-lot, the lawn or the machine shed may provide the stage setting. Here they talk over the proper rotation of crops, the fertilization of this field and the fencing of that. No orders are given; they merely arrive at an understanding, the employe giving as much advice as the statesman-farmer.

The Bryan farm is one whereon every man and no man is a "boss."

"What is this farm?—not a money-making investment?"

"Well, hardly," replies the young fellow who cares

for the stock. "Mr. Bryan beds and boards the bunch of us and pays us about \$150 besides every month. All that certainly does not come out of this farm."

The Bryan farm comprises 160 acres. Owing to the fact that many small investors foresaw the value of suburban property, small plats were purchased by them before Fairview was a fact. In consequence the farm lies in and about these smaller holdings. The body of the farm comprises 92 acres. The remainder is found on the edges, a five-acre pasture here, a corn-field there, a few acres of alfalfa forming an outlying colony on another side and an adolescent orchard springing up on another. Walking over the farm, it appears to be much larger than it really is.

The Fairview visitor who doesn't approach via the letter-box, comes by suburban car from Lincoln, alighting at a small rest house, a kindly shelter in rainy weather. This is on the Bryan farm. The visitor follows a rising cement walk, that edges the pasture, crosses the road at right angles and tramps up the red-paved, tree-bordered drive, the white casings, the soft-toned brick and prismatic glass of Fairview, clean, clear and inviting ahead of him.

Only about the house is there blue grass. The "front" yard is alfalfa, deep and lusty, and yielding four crops each year. With the introduction to the

farm comes pleasant acquaintance with this rival of both wheat and corn, alfalfa.

Wheat, oats and rye are not on the Bryan farm. Some of each have been raised in previous years, but crop rotation and the nature of the soil have eliminated these crops this year. A third of the farm is devoted to corn, the remainder to pasture, gardens, orchards and a red clover patch dotted with the tomb-like white of bee-hives.

The farm is complete. It is the answer of a practical farmer to an idealist. The coach-house is perfectly appointed. The cow-barn is cement-floored and iron-stalled. The mow is equipped with an automatic lift that stows away a ton of hay as easily and quietly as one would lift a wig. One looks at the array of farm machinery and momentarily debates whether he is on a farm or at a county fair.

"You seem to have everything."

"Only one thing needed," said an assistant in the chilly spring of this year, 1908. "That is a cultivator for listed corn, and I'm going to get it tomorrow."

What the Bryan farm needs, it is given. It is not a money-making proposition. The farm hand was right. It is a country home and such an one as its owner may afford. The land is nurtured tenderly for its yield, the employes work steadily but with independence, and about the place is an air of good feeling



and peace, an air that impresses on one the fact that the farm is the home, not only of a man of the people, but of a gentleman who prefers a farm to a country-place all lawn and hedge, or a private club-house, all tennis courts and links.

"Guess Mr. Bryan studied pretty hard when he was young," opines Paul, a strenuous planter of cement posts on the farm, "and I think he never really got all of the farm he wanted when he was a boy. He ought to now," and the post planter waves his hand lazily toward the black corn-fields, striped with green, and a pastured strip whence a bunch of cows, lowing gently, are coming to the milker.

The stock on the Bryan farm is blooded, but it has fallen off in numbers and is not so much a feature of the place as it was before Mr. Bryan emulated Senor Magellan and circumnavigated the globe. The cattle herd, now comprising three bulls and fifteen cows, is due for more depletion. Not more than a year ago the herd comprised Jerseys, Durhams, Herefords and Holsteins. Now it is of Durham and Jersey blood and Fairview will shortly become a Jersey farm. This herd will be headed by a magnificent polled Jersey bull, the progeny of which, despite crosses, are also without horns.

A poultry battalion that once represented the entire chicken catalogue suffered likewise when the Bryans

began their long jaunt. Cochins and White Wyandottes, which, by the way, are Mrs. Bryan's favorites, alone make up the flock. And with all the cows, pigs, chickens and horses, there mopes about in almost ghastly silence one lonely guinea fowl. Bereft of the loquacious society of her tribe, this guinea hen pursues a quiet course, exhibiting a penchant for silence most amazing in view of the reputation of her breed.

There is no open water on the Bryan farm, but the pasture to the north is cut by a gully in which a pond appears intermittently. In this gully William, junior, during one holiday week, sought to build a swimming hole, a thing which, he earnestly declared, "no farm should be without." Every man on the farm was busy for days throwing a dam across the "draw." Their work completed, they returned to their usual labors, waiting for the rains which were to add a little sheet of water to the landscape. The rains came, in the course of time, but before them had come the gophers. The rodents had honeycombed the dam and the work of days melted before the torrent. Open water and the swimming hole are now, as before the dam was built, a fancy.

The Bryan farm has appreciated since its inception. Fairview, with its broad acres, its scientifically correct barns and drains, its pavements and walks, its adolescent orchards and knee-deep pastures, would be

"meat" for the voracious bargain-hunter at \$75,000.

The Bryan farm has been a fund for caricature. Its owner has had gratuitous praise and sneers heaped upon him because he had the temerity to purchase the land. Its fine expanse has been made into a taunt of "grand-standing," its splendid home a peg for invidious comparison and the humble loveliness inherent in all earth a simile for the man's character.

Mr. Bryan in the Commoner explains how the farm became a reality. In 1902 he took occasion to answer comments made by the daily press. Concerning his investment he said:

"In the spring of 1893 I purchased five acres of ground about three miles southeast of Lincoln. The land is situated on the top of a beautiful knoll overlooking the Antelope valley. The view from this spot is unsurpassed; as far as the eye can reach the land is under cultivation and the colors change with the crops and the season.

"In 1897 twenty acres were purchased adjoining the original five and in 1898 I began improving the place by setting out an orchard and shade trees. Since then ten acres more have been added, so that the farm now consists of thirty-five acres."

This is the explanation of the owner. It coincides in every way with the spirit of peace and contentment which enchants the visitor. Since Mr. Bryan ex-

pressed his views more acres have been added and improvement has followed improvement.

Products of the Bryan farm find a ready market. The hogs are weighed on a scales purchased by the owner and are shipped or sold as occasion requires. Mr. Bryan's corn has been exhibited at the Nebraska state fairs. Grain from Fairview won a medal at the Portland exposition.

Nature has dealt kindly with Mr. Bryan's quarter-section. The orchard, the vines, the flowers and the shrubs have flourished. The trees now cast an enticing shade. Each year the changing seasons adorn the landscape with new beauties.

Mr. Bryan is fond of horses, but prefers reliability to speed. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan drive to and from the city as occasion requires. There is no coachman in flamboyant livery. There is no ostentation, no display. When the master of Fairview starts on an extended journey Mrs. Bryan usually accompanies him to the depot. After he has departed she drives back to Fairview.

More than once Mr. Bryan has driven the big green farm wagon to the city, assisted in loading supplies for the farm and then jogged home again.

As a matter of fact, the Bryan farm is merely a fine home, the dwelling place of one who likes quiet and comfort and who prefers the simple pleasures of

slow country life to the more high-strung manners of a city. It is the retreat of one who, when from home, is constantly on exhibition. When away, his every act is scrutinized, his every word debated. On the farm is security. It is the logical contrast in the life of a public man who, humanly, tires of incessant highlights and who seeks quiet tones and shadows for rest.

## CHAPTER X.

### HOME LIFE OF THE BRYANS.

The word "ideal" has often been applied to the home life of the Bryans. Certain it is that between few husbands and wives is there such absolute unity and sympathy in every phase of life. On October 1, 1908, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan will have been married twenty-four years, and throughout that time Mrs. Bryan has been the great "Commoner's" only confidante and final adviser.

"Fairview," the beautiful Bryan home, is now brightened by the merry chatter and laughter of children. The two little ones of his oldest daughter, Ruth, now Mrs. W. H. Leavitt, are the darlings of Mr. Bryan's heart and he is never happier than on the rare occasions when he can rest in a big chair with a roguish grandchild on either knee.

It was a happy reunion held at Fairview in the summer of 1908 when Mr. Bryan was able to snatch a few days to be spent at home. The whole Bryan family had not been united at Fairview for many months until this summer. The Leavitt children seemed to be the center of attraction, Mr. Bryan condescending to compete with "Uncle William" and "Aunt Grace"—both inordinately proud of their titles—for the first place in the affections of the babies. William, Jr., is

now nineteen years of age, while Grace is seventeen. That his "children might have plenty of fresh air and healthy exercise" is one of the reasons given by Mr. and Mrs. Bryan for the removal of the family from the city to the farm.

Mrs. Bryan is a notable housekeeper. The affairs of her household move as though regulated by clock-work. The machinery is never apparent, but that it is well-oiled no guest can doubt. She is by preference an early riser, five o'clock on summer mornings and six o'clock in the winter being her favorite hours. Even while dressing she begins to plan the duties of the day. Business that must be attended to in time for the morning mail is then despatched and the servants receive their orders for the day. Mrs. Bryan often breakfasts alone, the matinal meal at the Bryan home being an easy, informal repast after the English custom, each member of the family being privileged to eat at any time or place that suits his or her individual wish. After breakfast any orders for the day that have not received her previous attention are completed. She then devotes herself to the morning mail, which is always heavy. An ingenious stenographic system of her own devising considerably lightens her work.

Each member of the family is expected to appear promptly on schedule time for dinner at night,

though some latitude is allowed at luncheon. Mrs. Bryan goes a little farther than her husband in her abstinence from stimulants, as she drinks neither tea nor coffee. An enormous appetite has been the constant companion of Mr. Bryan since the days of his youth. He is especially fond of chicken and gravy. He can sleep anywhere and at any time. A nap of fifteen or twenty minutes leaves him refreshed and ready for work when he awakes. He can take a few winks between stations or at an intermission between speeches. He can rest with perfect comfort in a carriage or a railway coach. He drinks large quantities of water.

The gifts which go to make up the genuine homemaker are undeniably Mrs. Bryan's. That she can "make a barn seem like home" was exemplified when the family moved from the Lincoln home to Fairview in March, 1903. The house, like many new houses, was not completed on scheduled time. The Lincoln cottage had been sold and must be given up and, anyhow, the whole family had a consuming desire to be "on the spot" to see the finishing touches put upon the new home. So it was decided that the Bryan family should live in the already finished barn until the completion of the permanent residence. The barn is a roomy, substantial structure of brick, with slate



roof and cement floor, and Mrs. Bryan converted it into a charming, if unconventional, retreat.

"How tired you must be of living in a barn," sympathizing friends would remark to the Bryan children.

"Not much! It's jolly good fun!" William, Jr., would stoutly assert, and the rest of the family seemed to agree with him. A casual visitor to the barn would find that his ideas had undergone considerable modification by the time he was ready to go back to town.

The ground for the house at Fairview was staked off, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan assisting, October 1, 1902. This was the seventeenth anniversary of their marriage and the fourteenth anniversary of their removal from Illinois to Nebraska. They celebrated this double anniversary by driving out to "the farm," as it was still called at that time, and initiating the realization of the plans they had laid together, years before. Mrs. Bryan herself took out the first shovelful of dirt from the excavation.

The library, or study, is perhaps the heart of the Bryan home. Its most important article of furniture is a huge double desk, where, one on each side, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan are to be found more frequently than in any other part of the house. Whatever the other books may happen to be that lie upon this desk, a large Bible is always to be found there. Mr. Bryan

has always shared his intellectual as well as his social life with his wife and it is safe to say that he never finally decided any very important question without first talking the matter over with Mrs. Bryan. If there is a weak point anywhere in his argument she is sure to find it and will unfailingly call his attention to it. The two were in college at the same time, and while they did not attend the same schools, they seem to have something of the *camaraderie* often noticed between two who have attended a co-educational institution. Together they studied law, and together they studied the silver question during the long winter evenings in Washington, reading everything in French, English and German that they could find on the subject.

Little fiction and few "light" books of any kind are to be found in the Bryan library. The books, nearly all of which show marks of usage, show their owner's dual tastes for the oratory of the masters of English eloquence and the contemporary writers upon social and economic conditions in the United States. Plenty of history is there, biography, speeches and addresses, and works upon political economy. A number of the great poets are represented and especial honor is paid to William Cullen Bryant, whose "Ode to a Water-fowl" is Mr. Bryan's favorite poem. Of it he has said:

"The author has clothed a familiar theme in beautiful language and so embalmed a noble sentiment that it will live and give inspiration for generations to come."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bryan has ever cared for so-called "society," though both thoroughly enjoy the comradeship of their real friends—of which during the passing years they have gained a generous supply. Mrs. Bryan is a member of Sorosis, one of the most serious of the woman's clubs of Lincoln, and Mr. Bryan is a member of the Round Table, a club given to the discussion of the important questions of the day. A meeting of the latter club was held recently at Fairview, the subject of railroad legislation being taken up at the dinner.

Mrs. Bryan does not devote as much time to active club work now as in the past. A part of the correspondence and other writing that she used to do for Mr. Bryan is now delegated to a secretary. She does not now, as formerly, invariably rise at 5 o'clock every morning in order to devote at least two hours to Mr. Bryan's private correspondence before her family is stirring. But her interest in the great questions of the day is as keen as ever and for her decided opinions she can always give the soundest reasons. Her markedly logical habits of thought are doubtless due in part to her legal training—in order to be of greater

assistance to her husband in his work she studied law and was admitted to practice before the Supreme court of Nebraska in 1888—and also to her early solid education under her father, Mr. Baird. Her father was blind during the latter years of his life and Mrs. Bryan spent many hours reading aloud to him from the works of the masters of English literature.

Dignity enfolds Mr. Bryan as a mantle, and yet its presence is not apparent. His manner is simple, frank and unassuming. Lincoln newspaper men have questioned him and quizzed him day after day, year after year, in victory and defeat. Gentle courtesy and absolute fairness has been accorded each one, the friend and the foe, the veracious and the “faker.” Once a newspaper man prefaced a joke with a mock question.

“Mr. Bryan,” he said, “do you want to get even with a man who has annoyed you for four months?”

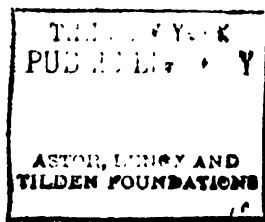
“No, sir,” was the quick response, “I do not wish to get even with anybody.”

Then the knight of the pencil explained that it was another newspaper man who might inherit the revenge. There was to be some “mock roasting” before the scribe left to take another position. Mr. Bryan laughed heartily at the proposed “joshing” and withdrew his first statement. But just the same it was understood that Mr. Bryan had no time to waste in

"getting even." Caustic critics might waste their time and effort; Mr. Bryan would meet their onslaughts with philosophic calm and good-natured resignation.

The question of dress has never been one of especial moment to any member of the Bryan family. Mrs. Bryan's gowns are always quiet and unobtrusive though tastefully chosen. Mr. Bryan's low, turn-down collar and string tie are known now almost all over the world. An English fashion journal objected seriously to the cut of his frock coat on the occasion of a certain public appearance in London, but the man in it roused unlimited enthusiasm throughout the Continent as well as in England. Mr. Bryan confesses to one weakness in the matter of raiment, but it is one that he does not often get a chance to indulge, especially now that he so seldom rides horseback.—He does like the feel of high-top boots, in which his trouser-ends can be comfortably hidden!

Perfect health and a rugged constitution have been Mr. Bryan's most valuable assets. He was threatened with malaria while in the army, and suffered from a slight attack of pneumonia about four years ago, but with these exceptions and an occasional cold or headache, his health has been perfect. Exercise for its own sake is not included in the Bryan scheme of living. To imagine Mr. Bryan playing tennis is preposterous. Neither does he take mad gallops along





MRS. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

country roads. Running and all forms of violent exercise, he avoids. Instead, he does some form of work: He drives to the station to meet a visitor; he may assist in planting a tree; his energy is expended in doing things, not in romping. Yet the physique of the man is beyond criticism. The muscles of his arms and chest are like iron. His legs are sturdy and his whole body stored with latent physical energy. He has never tasted liquor. No one ever heard of his using tobacco. Alert newspaper men who have watched him closely for twelve years have failed to detect the use of even a mild "swear-word." His stories may be repeated before any audience. His conduct as a man is without blame and beyond reproach.

The Bryans are the kindest of neighbors and are deservedly popular among those who are so fortunate as to live near them. The principal of the high school of College View, a little suburb just beyond Fairview, this spring secured Mr. Bryan's promise to speak, as a neighbor, at the College View high school commencement exercises. As accommodations were limited and high school graduating classes invariably draw crowds of admiring friends and relatives, it was decided to keep the fact that Mr. Bryan was to appear on the program a profound secret. It was concealed from the newspapers, Mr. Bryan told nobody and the prin-



cipal told nobody but his wife. But somehow the secret leaked out in College View, though it did not penetrate to Lincoln.

So when Mr. and Mrs. Bryan came quietly driving over to College View that evening in their buggy, expecting to slip unobtrusively in to the commencement exercises, their surprise may be imagined when, on the outskirts of the town, a band awaiting them in the coign of vantage of the band-stand, greeted them with lively strains of music and they were escorted through crowds of people, all cheering wildly for Bryan, as far as the high school building. The great majority could not gain entrance to the building, which was already filled; but they waited quietly outside until the exercises were over and then formed an enthusiastic escort for the Bryans on their homeward way. This was an unusual demonstration for College View, which usually looks very quietly upon Mr. Bryan merely in his capacity of a good neighbor.

Soon after their removal from Lincoln to Fairview in 1903, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan decided that they would withdraw from the First Presbyterian church, one of the wealthiest and most influential churches of Lincoln, and would attend the Westminster Presbyterian, a small and struggling church much nearer their new home. When at home, both are regular attendants at church services, and Mr. Bryan has often occupied

the pulpit of Westminster and many other churches. He never takes money for addresses made upon the Sabbath or in a church. The minds of both husband and wife are essentially devout and God-fearing, and both maintain a cheerful optimism which has upheld them in trials and defeats that would have discouraged others of weaker faith. It has been asserted by many that Mr. Bryan is entitled through heredity to his temperament of a devotee, though in diverting its manifestations out of the religious and into political channels, he has given it a broader scope.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### BRYAN AS AN EDITOR.

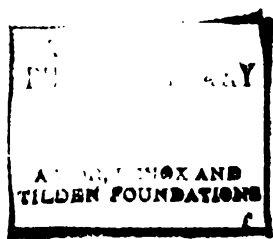
Mr. Bryan's first experience as an editor came in 1894 when, after the adjournment of Congress, he accepted a position as titular editor of the Omaha World-Herald at a salary of \$1,500 per year. From a monetary standpoint, of course, the position was not especially attractive, but it gave Bryan the opportunity he wanted of reaching the audiences he most desired to impress. An odd case of mental telepathy connected with taking up of this work is related by Gilbert M. Hitchcock, owner of the World-Herald, as follows:

"Mr. Bryan was in Washington and serving his last days in Congress. I wrote him a letter in which I invited him to become editor of the World-Herald and to purchase an interest in the property if he were in a position to do so. I told him that he could make the editorial policy of the paper entirely responsive to his own political convictions. Before Mr. Bryan had time to get my letter I received one from him. He asked if I would sell him the weekly edition of the World-Herald which I had been printing for circulation among the farmers. I have often thought of the impulse which caused him to write to me at almost the very same hour that I wrote to him."

The editorial articles that appeared from Mr.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, JR.



Bryan's pen during the next few months were disappointing to some who had heard with enthusiasm his speeches in Congress and looked for great things from him in an editorial capacity. They seemed to be oratorical, rather than convincing and to be lacking in pithiness and cogency. Much of the effect of his speeches had been due to his manner, which is always engaging and sincere. The Nebraska country editor who attributed the lack felt in Mr. Bryan's editorials at this time to the fact that he "could not smile on paper" was not far from right.

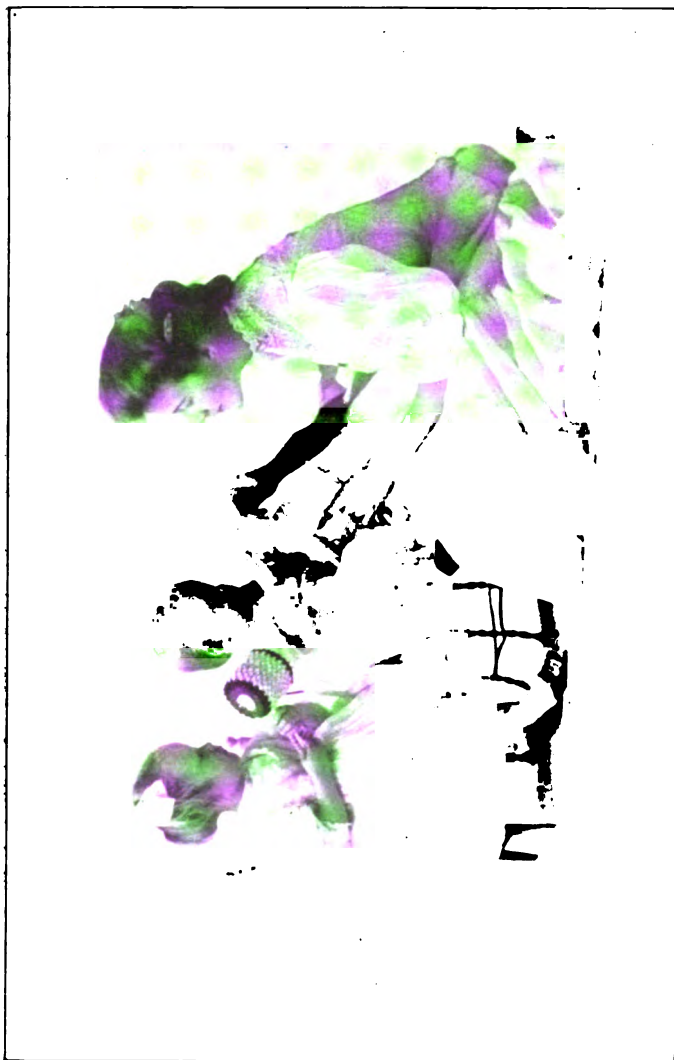
But his editorial career on the Omaha paper soon came to an abrupt end because of a curious incident which an eastern newspaper declared "could hardly happen outside the ranks of provincial journalism." Though nominally editor of the World-Herald, a Democrat and Democratic candidate for the post of United States Senator, he was greeted one morning when he opened his paper at his home in Lincoln, by the appearance of two columns of Republican doctrine antagonistic to his position and his campaign. Inquiry disclosed that the business manager of the paper, in a moment of thrift, had sold these columns to the Republican executive committee for the period of the campaign. Mr. Bryan tried to break this contract in the courts, but when defeated in the effort, he did

the only thing that was left for him to do and withdrew from the paper.

After the campaign of 1900, Mr. Bryan established *The Commoner*, a weekly publication, declaring that he would be satisfied if, by fidelity to the common people, the paper proved its right to the name which had been chosen. He expressed the aim of the paper as being an "endeavor to aid the common people in the protection of their rights, the advancement of their interests and the realization of their aspirations. It is my aim," he declared, "to exclude from the columns of *The Commoner* everything objectionable, and, so far as space will permit, include all that is helpful and wholesome."

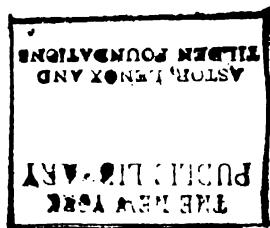
No advertisements that can be considered in any way of a questionable nature are allowed in *The Commoner*. Everything advertised therein is absolutely gilt-edged. Enough advertising offered by proprietors of patent medicines and various nostrums has been refused to endow a small college. Extravagant sums have been offered as inducements by agents of such concerns, but Mr. Bryan, as usual when his mind is made up on a question has remained firm. He has explained his views on advertising in *The Commoner* as follows:

"The advertising has been limited, first, because I have rejected some kinds of advertising as unfit for



MRS. RUTH BRYAN LEAVITT AND HER CHILDREN.





a family paper; second, because I have not cared to advertise trust-made goods—and, with the growth of the trusts, this class amounts to more and more; while the exclusion of trust advertisements reduces the revenues of the paper, I can discuss the trust question without having to consider the effect of the editorial on my income; third, because many of the large advertisers are so prejudiced against Democratic principles that they will not ‘encourage’ a paper established solely for the defense of those principles. No advertising matter will be accepted until investigation is made as to the responsibility of the advertiser.”

All advertising received in the office of The Commoner must run the gauntlet of severe editing and blue-penciling at the hands of Mr. Charles W. Bryan, brother of W. J. Bryan and publisher of the paper. Mr. Richard L. Metcalfe is associate editor. These gentlemen act as field generals in the editorial fray, while Mr. Bryan himself occupies the position of commander-in-chief.

The following suggestions as to increasing the influence of the press were made by Mr. Bryan in a letter to G. P. Brown, president of the Correspondents’ club of New York City, who asked for some opinions upon the theme, “How can the influence of the Press be increased?” Mr. Bryan wrote:

“Taking for granted that the members of your

club will deal exhaustively with the news features of the press, I shall confine my observations to the editorial department.

"The influence of the press must, in the long run, depend upon the character of the press, and, as the character of the press is determined by the character established by individual newspapers, it follows that improvement must begin with the units that make up the whole. Improvements are always possible, but three occur to me as of especial and immediate importance.

"First. A newspaper will exert a greater influence, other things being equal, if it is known to represent on public questions the deliberate convictions of some person—a person of flesh and blood, not a corporation. The New York Tribune under Greeley was a good illustration of such a paper.

"Second, the influence of a newspaper, other things being equal, will be greater if it is known who owns the paper and controls its policy, and that that person has no interests adverse to the interests of the readers. So many newspapers are owned by, or mortgaged to, speculators capitalists and monopolists, and are used for advocating or excusing legislation, having for its object the conferring of special privileges upon a few of the people at the expense of the rest of the people,

that the press has been robbed of much of its legitimate influence.

"Third. The influence of the press will be increased by greater unity in the support of any good cause and in the condemnation of any bad practice. The character of a paper is affected less by priority in the discovery of a felony than by persistence in the prosecution of the felon. In other words, a principle is more important than a 'scoop.'"

Mr. Bryan has long contended that the political weekly had its distinct place in this country and is vitally needed. A few extracts from a speech made at a quarterly dinner of the Atlas club in Chicago in 1903 will show his attitude on this matter:

"The daily paper in the large cities is so huge a business enterprise that the owner is seldom the editor. As a rule, the editor, or rather, the editors of a metropolitan daily are unknown to the public and the paper does not, therefore, stand for the convictions or express the views of any particular person.

"It is not always known who owns the controlling interest in the stock of the large daily, neither is it known what pecuniary interests it endorses. The business end of such a paper is so large and lucrative that it is apt to dictate the editorial policy and make the owner timid about attacking an evil that has a strong financial backing.

"For these reasons and for the additional reason that it is necessarily local in its circulation, the daily paper is likely to incline more and more to 'independence' . . . . Some paper must take the place of the former political daily if our people are to maintain an interest in public questions. Those who are busy and cannot investigate for themselves must have access to the writing of those who do investigate and who place before the people the results of their investigations. The people are like jurors; they can decide intelligently when they have heard the testimony and the arguments, but the editors and the public speakers bring forth the facts and the arguments on both sides. The weekly paper can circulate throughout the entire nation and it is not so large or costly but that the editorship and the ownership can be combined in one person. The political weekly is likely to grow in influence as the daily loses its distinctively political character.

"There is another advantage about the political weekly, namely, that its subscription price is so low that political opponents can afford to take it. Every patriotic and intelligent man wants to read both sides of a question. . . . It would be well if there were more papers like the *Commoner*, devoted to the discussion of the political, economical and social questions that affect national politics. There should be papers

representing different schools of thought and different views on public questions, for truth is born of conflict.

"Besides weeklies devoted to national politics there ought to be weeklies in every state devoted to the discussion of state issues, so that the voter can, by taking papers on both sides, keep himself informed in regard to the acts of officials and the policies of parties."

During the last few years, articles of telling force have appeared in *The Commoner*. Mr. Bryan can pen an editorial fairly punctuated with sledge-hammer blows. He adopts a policy after careful study. Afterwards he hammers away until the thought is firmly imbedded in the minds of his readers.

As an employer of labor, Mr. Bryan is beyond criticism. *The Commoner* force is in reality a huge family. Each employe looks on the owner and publisher with the greatest respect. Mr. Bryan is familiar with the details of the business, often spends hours about *The Commoner* building and can call each worker by name. Indeed, changes are extremely rare. *The Commoner* employes are much better paid than the average newspaper workers, and the tasks are pleasant. There are no traces of hysteria or excitement. The distracting, nerve-wracking, brutal, time-beating moments that characterize the printing of a metropolitan daily have been eliminated.

On Saturday afternoons no one is to be found in the Commoner building. Holidays are always celebrated by the entire staff. The rooms where the employes work are light, airy and cheerful. The hours are short. In fact, hard-faced captains of industry would scoff at the lack of high pressure and the calm and philosophic manner of the workers. But years of trial have proved the truth of Mr. Bryan's theory. The employer gets better returns from the co-operative plan. The entire Commoner force is one big union. There are no rules, no oaths, no arbitrary exactions, and the employes do not seem to be aware of the close organization. But iron-clad union it is, and Mr. Bryan has tacitly been elected president of this union and his term will last for life.

Newspaper men who have been in the Commoner offices nearly every day since the establishment of the paper have been impressed by this simple and effective solution of the labor problem. The personality of one man has solved the vexed question. In fact, the line between employer and employe has never been drawn in the Commoner office for the simple reason that no one has ever tried to extract the maximum of labor for the minimum of cash.

On the morning of June 6, 1908, newspaper men did not find Mr. Bryan at Fairview. On the previous day he had informed them that he would be in Lin-

coln for an extended stay. At first, the reporters were surprised. A glance at the calendar, however, explained it all.

The day for the "Annual Commoner Picnic" had arrived. There is one day in the year when Mr. Bryan is not accessible to the general public. Mrs. Bryan cannot be seen by even her closest friends. On June 6 Mr. and Mrs. Bryan led the entire Commoner force to the Burlington station in Lincoln, where a train carried the excursionists to a shady grove near Crete, Neb.

This annual picnic resembles the reunion of a huge and loving family. Employes, their wives and children are present. There are some athletic "stunts," old-fashioned country Fourth of July sports and numerous other diversions. Mr. Bryan usually acts as captain of one of the ball teams. He takes part in the jumping exercises; at least so rumor has it, for reporters are not allowed, and none of the "Commoners," big or little, will say a word. Little Commoners are the children of the big workers; for Mr. Bryan has positive ideas on the subject of child labor.

There is another rumor which has been persistent and alarming to those who guard the secret accounts of trusts and combines. William J. Bryan, in clear and unmistakable language, announces what the "business made" last year, and discusses briefly sug-



gestions offered by the employes for better results next year. And results are emphasized, not dollars and cents. Many critics have asserted that Mr. Bryan does not know how to conduct a business proposition. And he doesn't. Not on the usual plan.

The writer, as a representative of the opposition press, has visited the Commoner office day after day, year after year. The sociological aspect of the office attracted immediate attention. A careful lookout has been kept for signs of "soldiering," loafing, recklessness or incompetency. No traces of slipshod time-serving can be detected. Apprehension and clock-watching are entirely absent. Industry and energy and competency are to be seen everywhere. It is true that no Commoner ever "rang in" or "rang out," a la department store. He or she could "soldier," ad infinitum. But he or she doesn't.

When asked just before he left San Francisco for his trip around the world, if he was fond of literary work, Mr. Bryan said:

"Very much so, but only within the last few years have I had a chance to indulge in it. Of course I am glad that The Commoner has been successful, but this is due to the fact that the paper has filled a demand for such a publication, not to personal effort. It is intended to be just what the name implies.  
\* \* \* As yet, I have not written much for maga-

zines, but if I had the time and my matter was accepted, I should like that work in preference to that of daily journalism."

Though Bryan's industry is prodigious, the bulk of his published writings does not loom so large as that of a number of other men in American public life. Among the books that he has had published are "The First Battle"; "Under Two Flags"; "Letters to a Chinese Official," which is a Western view of Eastern civilization; "The Old World and Its Ways" and a number of bound volumes of "The Commoner, Condensed," these latter containing, in condensed form, the chief editorials of the different years of the paper's existence.

He has contributed many articles to the leading magazines of the country. One of these was on "Farming as an Occupation" in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine for January, 1904. Another which aroused considerable discussion was entitled "Individualism vs. Socialism" and appeared in the *Century* magazine for April, 1906. An article which has frequently been referred to as a "notable deliverance" was "The Issue in the Presidential Campaign" which was published in the *North American Review* for June, 1900. Presidential candidates, as a general rule, preserve a discreet silence as to campaign issues until their respective parties have formally declared their principles; but Bryan in

this article practically framed and announced his own platform.

Mr. Bryan's letters, written from abroad, show the immense pains that their author took to acquire information. The night before he left San Francisco, in a conversation with Mr. Day Allen Willey, Mr. Bryan explained his aims in going abroad as follows:

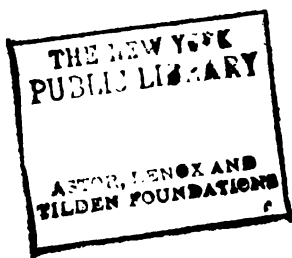
"I have long wanted an opportunity to see other countries, especially the life and ways the people have of dealing with the various economic and social problems. By going as a writer I can obtain what I want much better than if I were in any official capacity. Then I am also free to compliment or criticise. If I were a member of Congress, for example, there might be subjects which I could not write about without being discourteous to the people to whom they pertained; besides, I might get our Government into trouble."

Mr. Bryan went on to explain his methods of work to Mr. Willey by saying:

"I could not plan out so much on this trip if it were not for Mrs. Bryan. I had thought of taking a stenographer, but she asked me not to do so. She has been my secretary so much that she prefers to do it on this tour. We carry a typewriter in one of our trunks. I shall have this in my stateroom, and as soon as we leave the harbor, I shall begin some work, finishing



GRACE DEXTER BRYAN.



it first in long-hand, after which Mrs. Bryan will look it over and copy it on the typewriter."

When asked whether Mrs. Bryan ever acted as critic as well as stenographer, Mr. Bryan replied:

"Always when I have any doubt about a paragraph I get her views. She is an excellent critic. If it were not for her assistance, I could not begin to accomplish what I do."

Many a night on this tour, after their young people were fast asleep, this indefatigable man and his gifted wife sat up until far into the small hours of the morning; the husband, pencil in hand, dashing off page after page in his sprawling handwriting; the wife, erect at the typewriter, her nimble fingers flying over the keys, revising and copying at the same time.

## CHAPTER XII.

### BRYAN AS A HUMORIST.

When William Allen White pronounced Mr. Bryan "deadly serious," intimate friends searched the secret tunnels of the Kansan's rhetoric for a hidden joke. They found no trace of jest, nor could they reconcile such a statement with anything like fact. A casual survey of Mr. Bryan's writings, speeches and informal talks reveals a wealth of real wit and humor.

Speaking extemporaneously at a banquet given in honor of the Nebraska State Press association, Mr. Bryan delivered epigrams, jokes and "funny" stories with the rapidity of a machine gun. The editors, convulsed with laughter, were decoyed from one round of mirth to another without a seeming effort on the part of the speaker, who assumed a patriarchal air and appeared to be addressing a huge family.

Dubbed as a man who had "some appreciation of fun, but little sense of humor," Mr. Bryan managed to deliver thirty sharp epigrams, puns, jokes and good stories in twenty-nine minutes of talking time, no deduction being made for spasms of laughter. Many of the best things said by Mr. Bryan on that occasion were manufactured on the spot and had peculiar and pertinent meaning to those present.

Bryan is a master of the difficult art of story-telling.

Some of his best jokes are at his own expense. His repartee is cutting, but his good humor never forsakes him. On the platform he is a dangerous man to question. He possesses an almost ludicrous method of mimicry and can repeat a question in such a manner as to cause his auditors to howl with laughter. At the same time he takes extreme care not to hurt the feelings of his tormenter or violate the spirit of fair play by taking an undue advantage.

At a meeting of the Gridiron club in Washington Mr. Bryan told an apt story on himself, and it was so good that it "leaked out."

In accordance with the time-honored custom of the club, prominent men, most of them present, were being grilled by the "press gang." During the proceedings a plain and unequivocal question was aimed at Mr. Bryan. The interrogator wanted to know what he would do in case he was defeated in a third Presidential campaign. Mr. Bryan answered the thrust by telling a story.

"A cowboy entered a dance hall while he was a trifle worse for liquid refreshments. The master of ceremonies escorted him to the door and by clever words lured him into the street.

"In a little while the cowboy re-entered the hall and began to mingle with the dancers. Once more the person in authority came upon the scene, and this



time he seized the cowboy by the arm and hustled him outside.

"But the unwelcome visitor returned still again to the place of festivity, and this time the manager roughly kicked him down stairs and into the street.

"At the foot of the stairs the unsteady and indignant cowboy pulled himself together, gazed long and intently at the hall from which he had been ejected and finally said:

" 'They can't fool me. I know what's the matter with them. They don't want me in there.' "

After the laughter of his hosts and the other guests had subsided, Mr. Bryan remarked that only one man had ever been defeated for the third time for the Presidency. That was Henry Clay. No one had ever been defeated the fourth time in a contest for Presidential honors. "And," solemnly declared Mr. Bryan, assuming a menacing attitude, "should I live to be as old as Speaker Cannon I would have five more chances of election. It would be easier to let me serve one term than to defeat me eight times."

During the campaign of 1900 Mr. Bryan told the newspaper men about a time when the joke was on him. When Governor John M. Thayer, of Nebraska, was a candidate for re-election, Mr. Bryan made an energetic campaign in favor of the Democratic nomi-

nee. The state was strongly Republican and the majority in favor of Thayer was very large.

Since Bryan had created the only ripple of opposition in the campaign, he imagined that the victor might cherish resentment. The two had never met. Consequently, when Mr. Bryan found that he was on the program at a gathering over which Governor Thayer was to preside, he was a trifle apprehensive. When he was ushered to a seat just behind Governor Thayer, the uneasiness of the orator increased. Finally Thayer turned his head and caught sight of Bryan. The latter realized that the ordeal was at hand, and he braced himself to meet it. Governor Thayer leaned forward.

"Your name is——?"

"W. J. Bryan," was the answer.

The chief executive seemed puzzled. Once more he leaned toward the now disconcerted Bryan.

"Mr. Bryan," said the governor in a tone that many could hear, "do you speak or sing?"

Mr. Bryan's reply to the London Standard was hailed by many Americans as a new note in the humor line. Did Mr. Bryan expect the Democratic Presidential nomination? was the question asked of the famous Democrat, who was then traveling abroad. Bryan named a number of men who were available for Presidential honors.

"Besides," he continued, "it will be more than two years before the convention meets, and I am not willing to sit on a stool and look pretty that long."

Numerous jokes has the Fairview statesman aimed at the newspaper men. One morning during the campaign of 1900 a large crowd of reporters occupied the porch of the Bryan residence. A noted visitor rode up and wanted to see Mr. Bryan. The correspondents really had a prior claim upon Bryan's time, but the noted one must catch a train. Mr. Bryan pointed towards his study.

"I will see you at once while I have a chance," he said to the noted man. "The poor I have always with me."

And he included the assemblage of writers with a wave of his hand.

An aspiring orator once asked advice. Mr. Bryan counselled brevity, and gave an example of it:

"Do you drink?" asked Smith.

"That's *my* business," answered Jones.

"What other business have you?" queried Smith.

A minister, Mr. Bryan once explained to a convention of editors, was called to preach a funeral sermon. He wanted to point a moral, so he questioned a son of the deceased, seeking to ascertain the final utterances of his father.

"What were your father's last words?" he asked.

"Well, you see, parson," answered the youth, "Pa didn't have any last word. Ma was with him till he died."

At a meeting of bankers in Chicago last May Mr. Bryan combined humor with extreme firmness and expressed some opinions that were not popular with all of his hearers. The Associated Press reported the incident as follows:

"If a bank lends more than the prescribed ten per cent of its capital it is notified not to do it again," said Mr. Bryan. "If the bank continues to lend more than ten per cent it is again notified not to do it. If it keeps on, it keeps on being notified."

"I will stake my reputation," cried Mr. Bryan more vehemently than ever and speaking slowly, "that the law was not enforced in New York during the panic."

Another pause. The room was entirely quiet.

"And I will say further," resumed Mr. Bryan, smiling, "that if the law had been enforced in New York during the panic, the panic would have been a great deal worse."

Everybody laughed at that and the atmosphere became clear again.

To the Nebraska editors one time Mr. Bryan narrated his experience with an extremely persistent reporter in St. Joseph, Mo. Several years ago this newspaper man asked Mr. Bryan if he intended to be a

candidate for President again. The query came direct and straight after it had been disguised in many forms.

"I will not be a candidate in 1904," responded Bryan.

This did not satisfy the reporter.

"But, Mr. Bryan, will you ever be a candidate again?"

"Well, now," said the Nebraskan, "I do not intend to file a bond certifying that I will never run for office again."

"The reporter 'got even.' In his paper he remarked that Mr. Bryan had 'declined to file a bond that he would never run for office again,' and an editorial paragraph in the same paper, taking the matter up where the reporter had left it, remarked the next day:

"Too bad Mr. Bryan will not file a bond not to run for President again. Lots of people would be willing to sign it."

Mr. Bryan believes that to be one of the best bits of newspaper wit he has ever run across, even if it was at his expense.

Mr. Bryan says in "The Old World and Its Ways" that at Mr. Choate's table in London he determined to test, with a story, the proverbial slowness of the Englishman in catching the point of American stories.

He therefore told of the experience of the minister who was arguing against the possibility of perfection in this life. He asked his congregation:

"Is there anyone here who is perfect?"

No one arose.

"Is there anyone in the congregation who has ever seen a perfect person?"

No one arose.

"Is there anyone here who has ever heard of a perfect person?"

A very meek little woman arose in the rear of the room. The minister repeated his question, to be sure he had been understood, and as she again declared that she had heard of such a person the minister asked her to give the name of the perfect individual of whom she had heard.

"My husband's first wife," was the reply.

Mr. Bryan says that all the Englishmen at the table saw the point of the story at once.

At Fairview the sly humor of the Nebraska Commoner has been preserved in bronze. When Mr. Bryan was in Japan he purchased images of two Korean lions, which are found at the entrances of many temples in that country. One of the bronze lions was placed on each side of the approach to Fairview, and a peculiar fact is that one of the lions has his mouth open, while the other has his mouth closed.

"They represent the eternal conflict between the positive and the negative," explains Mr. Bryan. "And you see," he declares, with a twinkle in his eye, "the lion with his mouth shut is a conservative, while the one with his mouth open is a radical."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BRYAN AS A SOLDIER.

Mr. Bryan himself, is inclined to smile when his career as a soldier is mentioned. But—"Those also serve who only stand and wait." It was not his fault that he did not reach the scene of the fighting; and all of the men who were forced to wait there in the South-land for the call that never came will tell you that it was immeasurably harder to wait than it would have been to fight. If Colonel Bryan, of the Third Nebraska, had reached the field of battle he would undoubtedly have acquitted himself creditably and the men of his regiment would have defended him to the last man.

As it was his chief occupation while in the service of the great god, War, was in looking after the health of his men. He did this conscientiously and effectively; and many a fever-smitten and homesick boy was cheered by the unexpected appearance of his Colonel beside his cot. The Colonel stayed there, too, until the lad felt better than before his entrance. He was a stickler for all the proper sanitary precautions of camp life and saw that the rules of sanitation were observed in so far as was at all possible.

On April 25, 1898, Mr. Bryan sent the following telegram to the President:



"Hon. William McKinley, President. My Dear Sir: I hereby place my service at your command during the war with Spain and assure you of my willingness to perform, to the best of my ability, any duty which you, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, may see fit to assign me. Respectfully, W. J. Bryan."

No answer to this message was received and in explanation of this Mr. Bryan has said:

"I suppose the President's failure to assign me to duty was due to my lack of military experience. Thinking that a second call for volunteers might be necessary, and feeling that I could go in on an equal footing where all the volunteers were recruits, I undertook to raise a regiment and had no difficulty in securing the necessary companies."

On May 17, 1898, Governor Holcomb granted William J. Bryan authority to raise a regiment of volunteers. May 19 General Victor Vifquain began recruiting Company A, Third regiment, Nebraska National Guard, and enlisted Mr. Bryan as a member. The recruiting office was crowded constantly. The Bryan Home Guards were allowed to form half the company and an effort was made to accept University of Nebraska cadets as much as possible, so that the regiment should contain a large number of well-drilled men.

Governor Holcomb on June 4 appointed William J.

Bryan Colonel and Victor Vifquain lieutenant colonel of the Third regiment, Nebraska National Guard. He also appointed Dr. S. D. Mercer, of Omaha, as regimental surgeon with rank of major. The staff appointments were completed as follows: Senior Major, John H. McClay, of Lincoln; Junior Major, Conrad F. Scharmann, North Platte; Adjutant, C. F. Beck, Tekamah; Quartermaster, W. F. Schwind; Surgeon, Dr. O. Grothan, St. Paul; Assistant Surgeons, Dr. Ralph J. Irwin, Hastings and Dr. A. P. Fitzsimmons, Tecumseh.

July 13, 1898, Colonel Bryan took the oath of office at Omaha and for the first time appeared in his uniform. Many complimented him on his youthful appearance, and the Colonel smilingly replied that he didn't look half so boyish as he felt. July 18, the Third Nebraska left for Florida and took camp in Jacksonville as a part of General Fitzhugh Lee's Seventh corps.

Colonel Bryan had little use for the "red tape" with which army officers are prone to be hedged about, and whenever it could be cut, he cut it. The humblest private in his regiment could as easily secure a talk with him as could a general. He was exceedingly popular with his men, who were always sure of finding in him a faithful friend and adviser. His good humor and optimism were unfailing.

"He was the life of the officers' mess," wrote C. F. Beck, an adjutant on Colonel Bryan's staff, in an article in the *Arena* of October, 1900. "Every meal was made enjoyable by his presence. He had a fund of good anecdotes and was remarkably expert in telling them. The stories he told were always illustrative of some point and differed from the anecdotes of many in that they were always scrupulously clean and free from any suggestion of impurity. In fact, he would not listen to any other kind of story without manifesting his disapproval, which he usually did by treating it with silent contempt."

An incident showing Colonel Bryan's promptness in an emergency and his remarkable foresight is related by Adjutant Beck as follows:

"One day while the regiment was stationed at Pablo Beach the cry 'A man drowning' was heard through the camp. Several hundred soldiers were soon at the water's edge helplessly watching the body of a Virginia boy being slowly but surely carried out to sea by the strong undertow. Colonel Bryan seized a coil of rope several hundred feet long, which he had previously bought, and soon had it at the scene of danger, where strong swimmers took it and tried to reach the boy. The tide was too strong, however, and the lad perished."

But the rope was the means of saving the lives of

several other venturesome youths later. The provision of the Colonel in this instance made a decided impression on his men, and perhaps was what gave rise to an expression current among the privates:

"Just tell the Colonel the place and the man that'll be there, and he'll tell you what's going to happen."

Another incident which made an impression on the men in a somewhat different way was the occasion when he refused a chance to go fishing on Sunday. The owner of "The Three Friends," the noted boat suspected of filibustering, one Sunday invited Colonel Bryan and a number of other officers to go along with a select party on a fishing expedition out to the "banks," where plenty of red snappers were to be obtained. It was a chance at which all of the other officers jumped and the enlisted men would have given almost anything they possessed for such an opportunity. But Bryan declined, remained in camp and attended church services according to his usual custom.

At the first reunion and banquet of the Spanish-American war veterans of Nebraska, held at the Lindell hotel on the evening of June 4, 1908, Colonel Bryan, in responding to the toast, "The Test of Patriotism," spoke in part as follows:

"Comrades: I am glad that the date of this reunion was fixed at a time when I could be with you. It is a

great pleasure to be with you. It fills my mind with a flood of memories. I feel personally obligated to ex-Governor Silas A. Holcomb, the war governor, for having given me the opportunity to learn what I did of military life. There is another great soldier to whom I wish to do honor for his pluck and bravery, and that is Lieutenant Colonel Vifquain, who was with me in Florida and has since died. He was a true soldier and a patriot, and was loved by all who knew him, both in service and public and private life.

"I like the spirit that is brought out in this reunion, and hope that this organization may continue to hold meetings of this kind, each year. But I would suggest that the next annual meeting be held during the summer, and that the exact time be left open until it can be ascertained which is to be the hottest day of the year. For it is my recollection that it was in the summer that we were in the south, and that it was hot. I would also suggest that in addition to holding the meeting on the hottest day, that the entertainment committee do something toward the propagation of flies and turn them loose at the meeting to make the event more realistic.

"While we were encamped in Florida I became personally acquainted with more flies than I have ever known before or since. At meal times it was a hard fight to keep the flies from the tables. If we were no





THE RECEPTION HALL AT FAIRVIEW.

more successful in fighting the Spaniards than we were fighting flies, we would not have been here to hold this reunion tonight."

Mr. Bryan criticised the insect life which animated the bacon. This meat he refused to accept. He declared that the war with Spain wiped out the traces of the Civil war. Mr. Bryan asserted that the amount of sickness in the camps was appalling. He regarded the soldier who faced disease as patriotic as the man who charged the enemy on the field of battle. Mr. Bryan closed his address to his former comrades with an eloquent plea for arbitration and world-wide peace.

Malaria attacked Mr. Bryan just before the end of the encampment. Mrs. Bryan reached his bedside Sept. 30, 1898, and nursed him back to health and strength, his wonderful constitution making the battle a comparatively short one. Malarial tendencies troubled him for some time after he returned home.

While serving in the army Bryan observed all the regulations which apply to orators. He positively refused to allude to political subjects. All this time he was being criticized for his political beliefs and his career as a soldier called forth endless comment. He returned no answer. In a speech at the chapel of the University of Nebraska he admitted that he was afflicted with "military lockjaw" and confined his remarks to non-political themes.



During the fall of 1898 Mr. Bryan urged that the regiment be mustered out of service. He declared that a majority of the men were sick and that the deadly miasma of the South was proving more fatal to the Northerners than Cuban bullets.

George L. Sheldon, elected governor of Nebraska in the fall of 1906, was a captain in Bryan's regiment. Although of opposite political faith, the two men are firm friends. During the campaign of 1906, Mr. Bryan refrained from criticising his former captain. At a banquet last winter Mr. Bryan eulogized Sheldon as the highest type of a soldier and a gentleman. Sheldon replied, uttering similar sentiments. The comradeship and esteem of their soldier days has not been imperiled by partisanship.

In December, 1898, William J. Bryan left the service of his country and returned to the paths of peace. He left his regiment at Savannah, Ga. Criticism of his career came entirely from without his regiment. Respect, amounting almost to hero-worship, he inherited from the men within the ranks.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BRYAN AS A LECTURER.

Perhaps it as a lecturer, an incomparable orator, that Bryan's greatest claim to fame will go down to posterity. The field of oratory was attractive to him from his earliest boyhood, but he was not what is called a "born orator," as is shown by the tales of some of his early defeats in contests for prizes. His indomitable perseverance, his enormous capacity for work and his splendid physical equipment have been the chief factors in his success.

Old residents of the little village of Salem, Ill., recall with some amusement one of Mr. Bryan's first appearances as a public speaker. The occasion was the annual "Old Settlers' Picnic," the place was a little grove near Salem and the year was 1880. Mr. Bryan went to considerable trouble to get to the grove on time. He got there just before the scheduled hour, but he found on the grounds only four men. Two of these were the proprietors of a lemonade stand placed advantageously near the speaker's stand; another had a "wheel of fortune"; and the fourth was the owner of the grove. Mr. Bryan did not speak that day. He waited for more than an hour for his audience to appear, then gave it up and went home.

Congressman Gilbert M. Hitchcock, of Omaha, ac-

according to an interview written by James B. Morrow, tells an interesting story of his first meeting with Bryan as follows:

"We sat side by side at a banquet in Lincoln about twenty years ago. I had never seen Mr. Bryan before. He was a young lawyer and I was a young editor and each of us was to respond to a toast. I remember that he talked about the bar and I about the press. Although we were strangers, the fellowship of stage fright brought us quickly together in sympathy and interest. I distinctly recollect that he showed no little nervousness of manner previous to the delivery of his address, which had been carefully written down on paper. He frequently took the manuscript from his pocket and read parts of it as it lay upon his lap. It was apparent to me that he had committed the speech to memory and was fortifying himself up to the very last minute against possible disaster. You may be sure he didn't break down. Instead, he spoke without noticeable embarrassment, having both his speech and his subject well in hand.

"After he became famous throughout the world as an orator, I often thought of that banquet at Lincoln, of his quiet agitation as he sat at my side and of his conscientious effort to acquit himself worthily and to the measure of his capacity. Mr. Bryan is not an accident and nothing that he has done has been acci-

dental. He is prepared for every task he undertakes."

It has been asserted that Mr. Bryan earned \$52,000 last year from his speeches. When he was in New York in April, 1908, to meet his wife and daughter, Mrs. Leavitt, on their return from Europe, he was asked whether he considered that he was still a good representative of the common people now that he receives a good income. In reply he said:

"My income is derived mainly from my lecturing, with some additions from articles written for other publications, and something from my own paper, but the amount has been very much exaggerated. I make more speeches for nothing than for pay, and devote more time to public work than to private gain. The income that I have received has come from the people who attend my lectures and who read what I write, and therefore my obligation is to the whole people rather than to any special class. The best test of the effect of my income is to be found in the things that I advocate. My views have not changed upon public questions. I am contending for the same things now that I did then; and I think no one will deny that I could make more by siding with the corporate interests that I have opposed than by lecturing.

"My political prominence has been an advantage in that it has given me a larger reading circle and a larger audience, but I could have used the prominence

in other ways to greater pecuniary advantage. For instance, I was offered \$25,000 per year as counsel for a corporation, but it would have taken me out of the political field. By lecturing and writing I can make what I need in half the time and have the rest for public work. President Cleveland found his law income larger after he had been in the White House than before. So did President Harrison. This was the experience of Speaker Reed after his services in Congress. Secretary Shaw found his services more valued after had been in the Cabinet.

"Political prominence is an asset in any kind of business. I could not have turned my attention to anything where it would not have been an advantage, and, had I used all of my time in lecturing and writing, I could have made twice as much as I have. The question is not whether I have made more than I did before I was nominated, but whether I have made it in a legitimate way. I think no one will deny that my income has been derived from a legitimate source. The next question is whether the increase in my earning power has changed my views on public questions. No one, I think, will contend that it has."

Mr. Bryan believes he is worth from \$110,000 to \$125,000, the result of a life of hard work.

Mr. Bryan is one of the greatest peace advocates the world has ever known. At the Inter-parliamentary

Conference in London, in 1906, he made a brilliant speech, in which he took advanced ground in favor of arbitration of disputes between nations, and advocated a plan for mediation and delay, even in cases where the disputes might be regarded as involving national honor. At the Peace Conference held May 16 to 19, 1908, in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Arbitration and Peace Congress, he again expressed in most eloquent terms his views on this important question. A part of his address at that time was as follows:

"They tell us that they must promote peace by preparedness for war. I remind you that when the Author of our religion was tempted to use the sword, He said that those who draw the sword shall perish by the sword. I remind you that Christ said, 'I have come not to destroy, but to save.'

"We are spending one hundred millions a year on our armies and another hundred million on our navies; two hundred millions per year on our armies and navies. One-tenth of this sum spent in the establishment of schools and colleges to which we would invite people of other lands that they might hear and know of our institutions and be convinced of our good will; one-tenth of this expenditure so expended and in bringing people from all over the world and sending them back as friends and teachers of our civilization

would do more to preserve the peace of the world than all the navies we will ever put upon the waters."

In the Fourth of July address that Mr. Bryan made in London in 1906 he was as frank as usual in expressing his opinions, regardless of the danger of rumpling the mane of the British lion. A number of English newspapers commented unfavorably on his glowing tribute to Gladstone, for whom he always had fervent admiration. Nevertheless, Mr. Bryan was received in England with every mark of honor that could be bestowed upon an unofficial traveler.

Mr. Bryan has his own definition of an orator. He says that an "orator is a man who says what he thinks and feels what he says." No one who has seen Mr. Bryan in oratorical action can doubt his sincerity and the intensity of his feelings or forget the dramatic arrangement of his climaxes. Brevity is another forcible and well developed quality. Mr. Bryan on the lecture platform is calm, dignified and conversational. He assumes a plane of pleasing intimacy with the audience and he is dignified without being stiff and formal.

His work on the Chautauqua platform and lecture circuit probably never will be equalled. For the last seven years he has been travelling incessantly in this work. His trips vary from three days to a month in length. During his travels his "quiet days" are those

on which he makes only two or three addresses. Sometimes he has spoken a dozen times in a day, while his average allowance seems to be about six talks. His Sundays are entirely given to religious and philanthropic work. Churches, clubs and organizations for the public good receive his services without price. His talks for the benefit of charitable organizations would have brought him in a small fortune, had they been paid for at his usual rates.

In Lincoln he is allowed little rest, from the viewpoint of an ordinary mortal. He answers invitations to speak in the exact order received. On June 7, 1908, he took part in worship in the morning and addressed the Woodmen in the afternoon, delivering the Memorial day address. That evening he delivered an address at a little church near Sixth and D streets. The building accommodates only a few hundred people. Seven or eight thousand wanted to go, but could not get in. Nevertheless, the "Prince of Peace" was spoken just as feelingly and eloquently before the little congregation as if a certified check from the box office nestled in the vest-pocket of the lecturer.

Now and then the avaricious are inclined to "dicker." With these Mr. Bryan spends little time. He realizes that the average man does not realize that to be a consummate orator requires the effort of a lifetime. An amusing incident occurred not long ago.



The shrewd managers of an Illinois fair wanted Mr. Bryan to speak. His itinerary had been so arranged that he must pass through this particular town. The managers remembered the time when Mr. Bryan delivered addresses in Illinois without any great financial remuneration. They were surprised, therefore, when they were informed by the management of the lecture bureau that Mr. Bryan would stop and deliver an address for \$300. They penned a protest. They were told that Mr. Bryan would be content with a percentage of the receipts.

When the time came for the lecture, the fair managers found that the seating arrangements were ludicrously inadequate. People came from all directions. The attendance was embarrassingly satisfactory. When they settled, they paid Mr. Bryan \$735.50. After the lecturer had gone on his way, one of the promoters of the fair admitted that the management had been fooled.

"The flat rate would have been better for us," he said.

The following comments on Mr. Bryan's speaking were made in an article in *The World's Work* for May, 1908, by Henry Jones Ford, lecturer at Johns Hopkins University:

"Mr. Bryan's voice is a wonderful organ of expression. It is mellow, rather than strong or loud, but it

has a thrilling quality that carries its tones distinctly through the reverberating murmurs of a crowded hall or the straggling noises of an open-air mass-meeting. His manner, while glowing with earnestness, is composed, and he speaks without haste, strain or flurry. His gestures are simple and spontaneous, and he makes the most of what he says by distinct articulation and appropriate emphasis. While every effort is calculated, he presents the appearance of a man possessed by his subject and entirely absorbed by the effort of relieving a full heart and a teeming mind by direct, sincere communication to his fellow-men.

. . . It may as well be remarked at once that Mr. Bryan's speeches, when read, produce a very different effect from what they do when heard."

Millions know Bryan as a lecturer who have hardly heard of him as a partisan. A political speech is always accompanied by a division of opinion. There can be but one verdict when the best views of the age are condensed into a literary masterpiece and delivered in an oratorical style which is inimitable.

Students of the American language and literature have expressed the opinion that Bryan's non-political addresses will add to the glory of his career long after the partisan struggles of the time have been engulfed in eternal oblivion.

"I would rather be the author of the 'Prince of

Peace,'” declared one well-known critic, “than be President of the United States.”

Bryan has addressed enthusiastic crowds at water-tank stations; he has spoken in hamlets, in school-houses and in churches. Clubs, peace conferences and congresses have been his hosts. He was an invited guest at the conference called in May, 1908, by President Roosevelt to outline plans for the conservation of the natural resources of the country. Besides, he has addressed shouting conventions and demonstrative assemblages, when his auditors numbered many thousands. In all he has acquitted himself with credit. And among the princes and potentates of the earth, his wonderful voice has cheered, amused and thrilled, his brilliant qualities arousing the admiration of the Old World for the genius of the New.

## CHAPTER XV.

### BRYAN AS A PULPIT ORATOR.

During the last few years Mr. Bryan has spoken in hundreds of churches and appeared before religious organizations in all parts of the world. As a pulpit speaker he is particularly pleasing. His hearers have been enthusiastic in their praise.

"The Prince of Peace" is regarded as a masterpiece of religious thought and sentiment. The production is lacking in the brilliant phrasing which characterizes the political masterpieces of the Fairview orator, but it abounds in tender religious sentiment and lofty hopefulness. "The Prince of Peace" has been delivered hundreds of times. At the urgent request of many admirers of "The Prince of Peace," the lecture is included in this volume.

### THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

"I offer no apology for speaking upon a religious theme, for it is the most universal of all themes. If I addressed you upon the subject of law I might interest the lawyers; if I discussed the science of medicine I might interest the physicians; in like manner merchants might be interested in a talk on commerce, and farmers in a discussion of agriculture; but none of these subjects appeals to all. Even the science of government, though broader than any profession or occu-

pation, does not embrace the whole sum of life, and those who think upon it differ so among themselves that I could not speak upon the subject so as to please a part without offending others. While to me the science of government is intensely absorbing, I recognize that the most important things in life lie outside of the realm of government and that more depends upon what the individual does for himself than upon what the government does or can do for him. Men can be miserable under the best government and they can be happy under the worst government.

"Government affects but a part of the life which we live here and does not touch at all the life beyond, while religion touches the infinite circle of existence as well as the small arc of that circle which we spend on earth. No greater theme, therefore, can engage our attention.

"Man is a religious being; the heart instinctively seeks for a God. Whether he worships on the banks of the Ganges, prays with his face upturned to the sun, kneels toward Mecca or, regarding all space as a temple, communes with the Heavenly Father according to the Christian creed, man is essentially devout.

"There are honest doubters whose sincerity we recognize and respect, but occasionally I find young men who think it smart to be skeptical; they talk as if it were an evidence of larger intelligence to scoff at creeds and refuse to connect themselves with churches. They call themselves 'liberal,' as if a Christian were narrow-minded. To these young men I desire to address myself.

"Even some older people profess to regard religion as a superstition, pardonable in the ignorant but unworthy of the educated—a mental state which one can and should outgrow. Those who hold this view look down with mild contempt upon such as give to religion a definite place in their thoughts and lives. They assume an intellectual superiority and often take little pains to conceal the assumption. Tolstoy administers to the 'cultured crowd' (the words quoted are his) a severe rebuke when he declares that the religious sentiment rests not upon a superstitious fear of the invisible forces of nature, but upon man's consciousness of his finiteness amid an infinite universe and of his sinfulness; and this consciousness, the great philosopher adds, man can never outgrow. Tolstoy is right; man recognizes how limited are his own powers and how vast is the universe, and he leans upon the arm that is stronger than his. Man feels the weight of his sins and looks for One who is sinless.

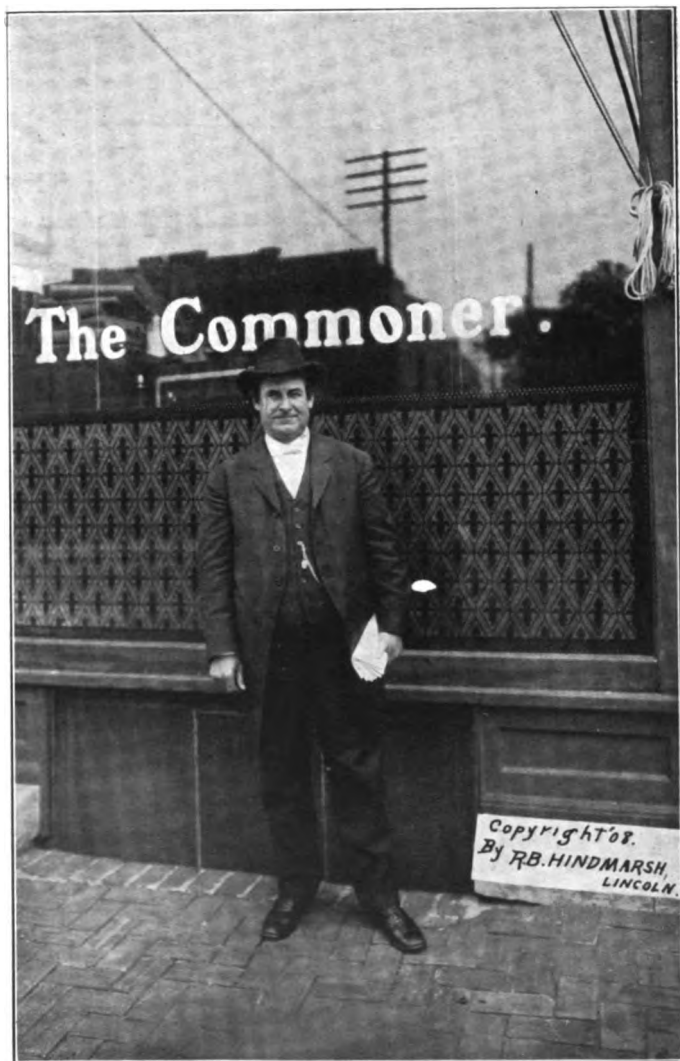
"Religion has been defined as the relation which man fixes between himself and his God, and morality as the outward manifestation of this relation. Every one, by the time he reaches maturity, has fixed some relation between himself and God and no material change in this relation can take place without a revolution in the man, for this relation is the most potent influence that acts upon a human life.

"Religion is the basis of morality in the individual and in the group of individuals. Materialists have attempted to build up a system of morality upon the basis of enlightened self-interest. They would have

man figure out by mathematics that it pays him to abstain from wrong doing; they would even inject an element of selfishness into altruism, but the moral system elaborated by the materialists has several defects. First, its virtues are borrowed from moral systems based upon religion; second, as it rests upon argument rather than upon authority, it does not appeal to the young and by the time the young are able to follow their reason they have already become set in their ways. Our laws do not permit a young man to dispose of real estate until he is twenty-one. Why this restraint? Because his reason is not mature; and yet a man's life is largely moulded by the environment of his youth. Third, one never knows just how much of his decision is due to reason and how much is due to passion or to selfish interest. We recognize the bias of self-interest when we exclude from the jury every man, no matter how reasonable or upright he may be, who has a pecuniary interest in the result of the trial. And, fourth, one whose morality is based upon a nice calculation of benefits to be secured spends time figuring that he should spend in action. Those who keep a book account of their good deeds seldom do enough good to justify keeping books.

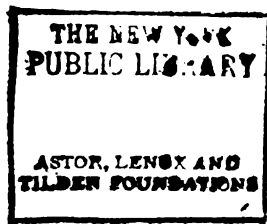
"Morality is the power of endurance in man; and a religion which teaches personal responsibility to God gives strength to morality. There is a powerful restraining influence in the belief that an all-seeing eye scrutinizes every thought and word and act of the individual.

"There is a wide difference between the man who



MR BRYAN IN FRONT OF THE OFFICE OF THE COMMONER.





is trying to conform to a standard of morality about him and the man who is endeavoring to make his life approximate to a divine standard. The former attempts to live up to the standard if it is above him, and down to it if it is below him—and if he is doing right only when others are looking he is sure to find a time when he thinks he is unobserved, and then he takes a vacation and falls. One needs the inner strength which comes with the conscious presence of a personal God. If those who are thus fortified sometimes yield to temptation how helpless and hopeless must those be who rely upon their own strength alone!

“There are difficulties to be encountered in religion, but there are difficulties to be encountered everywhere. I passed through a period of skepticism when I was in college, and I have been glad ever since that I became a member of the church before I left home for college, for it helped me during those trying days. The college days cover the dangerous period in the young man’s life; it is when he is just coming into possession of his powers—when he feels stronger than he ever feels afterwards and thinks he knows more than he ever does know.

“It was at this period that I was confused by the different theories of creation. But I examined these theories and found that they all assumed something to begin with. The nebular hypothesis, for instance, assumes that matter and force existed—matter in particles infinitely fine and each particle separated from every other particle by space infinitely great. Beginning with this assumption, force working on matter—

according to this hypothesis—creates a universe. Well, I have a right to assume, and I prefer to assume a Designer back of the design—a Creator back of creation; and no matter how long you draw out the process of creation, so long as God stands back of it you can not shake my faith in Jehovah. In Genesis it is written that, in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and I can stand on that proposition until I find some theory of creation that goes farther back than ‘the beginning.’

“I do not carry the doctrine of evolution as far as some do; I have not yet been able to convince myself that man is a lineal descendant of the lower animals. I do not mean to find fault with you if you want to accept it; all I mean to say is that while you may trace your ancestry back to the monkey if you find pleasure or pride in doing so, you shall not connect me with your family tree without more evidence than has yet been produced. It is true that man, in some physical qualities, resembles the beast, but man has a mind as well as a body, and a soul as well as a mind. The mind is greater than the body and the soul is greater than the mind, and I object to having man’s pedigree traced on one-third of him only—and that the lowest third. Fairbairn lays down a sound proposition when he says that it is not sufficient to explain man as an animal; it is necessary to explain man in history—and the Darwinian theory does not do this. The ape, according to this theory, is older than man, and yet he is still an ape, while

man is the author of the marvelous civilization which we see about us.

"One does not escape from mystery, however, by accepting this theory, for it does not explain the origin of life. When the follower of Darwin has traced the germ of life back to the lowest form in which it appears—and to follow him one must exercise more faith than religion calls for—he finds that scientists differ. Some believe that the first germ of life came from another planet and others hold that it was the result of spontaneous generation.

"If I were compelled to accept one of these theories I would prefer the first, for if we can chase the germ of life off this planet and get it out into space we can guess the rest of the way and no one can contradict us, but if we accept the doctrine of spontaneous generation we cannot explain why spontaneous ceased to act after the first germ was created.

"Go back as far as we may, we cannot escape from the creative act, and it is just as easy for me to believe that God created man as he is, as to believe that, millions of years ago, He created a germ of life and endowed it with power to develop into all that we see today. But I object to the Darwinian theory, until more conclusive proof is produced, because I fear we shall lose the consciousness of God's presence in our daily life, if we must assume that through all the ages no spiritual force has touched the life of man or shaped the destiny of nations. But there is another objection. The Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection by the operation of

the law of hate—the merciless law by which the strong crowd out and kill off the weak. If this is the law of our development then, if there is any logic that can bind the human mind, we shall turn backward toward the beast in proportion as we substitute the law of love. How can hatred be the law of development when nations have advanced in proportion as they have departed from that law and adopted the law of love?

“But while I do not accept the Darwinian theory I shall not quarrel with you about it; I only refer to it to remind you that it does not solve the mystery of life or explain human progress. I fear that some have accepted it in the hope of escaping from the miracle, but why should the miracle frighten us? It bothered me once, and I am inclined to think that it is one of the test questions with the Christian.

“Christ cannot be separated from the miraculous; His birth, His ministrations, and His resurrection, all involve the miraculous, and the change which His religion works in the human heart is a continuing miracle. Eliminate the miracles and Christ becomes merely a human being and His gospel is stripped of divine authority.

“The miracle raises two questions: ‘Can God perform a miracle?’ and, ‘Would He want to?’ The first is easy to answer. A God who can make a world can do anything He wants to do with it. The power to perform miracles is necessarily implied in the power to create. But would God want to perform a miracle?—this is the question which has given most

of the trouble. The more I have considered it the less inclined I am to answer in the negative. To say that God would not perform a miracle is to assume a more intimate knowledge of God's plans and purposes than I can claim to have. I will not deny that God does perform a miracle or may perform one merely because I do not know how or why He does it. The fact that we are constantly learning of the existence of new forces suggests the possibility that God may operate through forces yet unknown to us, and the mysteries with which we deal every day warn me that faith is as necessary as sight. Who would have credited a century ago the stories that are now told of the wonder-working electricity? For ages man had known the lightning, but only to fear it; now, this invisible current is generated by a man-made machine, imprisoned in a man-made wire, and made to do the bidding of man. We are even able to dispense with the wire and hurl words through space, and the X-ray has enabled us to look through substances which were supposed, until recently, to exclude all light. The miracle is not more mysterious than many of the things with which man now deals—it is simply different. The immaculate conception is not more mysterious than any other conception—it is simply unlike; nor is the resurrection of Christ more mysterious than the myriad resurrections which mark each annual seed-time.

"It is sometimes said that God could not suspend one of His laws without stopping the Universe, but do we not suspend or overcome the law of gravitation

every day? Every time we move a foot or lift a weight, we temporarily interfere with the operation of the most universal of natural laws, and yet the world is not disturbed.

"Science has taught us so many things that we are tempted to conclude that we know everything, but there is really a great unknown which is still unexplored and that which we have learned ought to increase our reverence rather than our egotism. Science has disclosed some of the machinery of the universe, but science has not yet revealed to us the great secret—the secret of life. It is to be found in every blade of grass, in every insect, in every bird and in every animal, as well as in man. Six thousand years of recorded history and yet we know no more about the secret of life than they knew in the beginning. We live, we plan; we have our hopes, our fears; and yet in a moment a change may come over any one of us and this body will become a mass of lifeless clay. What is it that, having, we live and, having not, we are as the clod? We know not, and yet the progress of the race and the civilization which we now behold are the work of men and women who have not solved the mystery of their own lives.

"And our food, must we understand it before we eat it? If we refused to eat anything until we could understand the mystery of its growth, we would die of starvation. But mystery does not bother us in the dining room; it is only in the church that it is an obstacle.

"I was eating a piece of watermelon some months

ago and was struck with its beauty. I took some of the seed and dried them and weighed them, and found that it would require some five thousand seed to weigh a pound. And then I applied mathematics to that forty pound melon. One of these seeds, put into the ground, when warmed by the sun and moistened by the rain, goes to work; it gathers from somewhere two hundred thousand times its own weight and, forcing this raw material through a tiny stem, constructs a watermelon. It covers the outside with a coating of green; inside of the green it puts a layer of white, and within the white a core of red, and all through the red it scatters seeds each one capable of continuing the work of reproduction. Where did that little seed get its tremendous power? Where did it find its coloring matter? How did it collect its flavoring extract? How did it build a watermelon? Until you can explain a watermelon, do not be too sure that you can set limits to the power of the Almighty or say just what He would do or how He would do it. I can not explain the watermelon, but I eat it and enjoy it.

"Everything that grows tells a like story of infinite power. Why should I deny that a divine hand fed a multitude with a few loaves and fishes when I see hundreds of millions fed every year by a hand which converts the seeds scattered over the field into an abundant harvest? We know that food can be multiplied in a few months' time; shall we deny the power of the Creator to eliminate the element of time when we have gone so far in eliminating the element of space?



"But there is something even more wonderful still—the mysterious change that takes place in the human heart when the man begins to hate the things he loved and to love the things he hated—the marvelous transformation that takes place in the man who, before the change, would have sacrificed the world for his own advancement, but who, after the change, would give his life for a principle and esteem it a privilege to make sacrifice for his convictions. What greater miracle than this, that converts a selfish, self-centered human being into a center from which good influences flow out in every direction! And yet this miracle has been wrought in the heart of each one of us—or may be wrought—and we have seen it wrought in the hearts of those about us. No, living in the midst of mystery and miracles I shall not allow either to deprive me of the benefits of the Christian religion.

"Some of those who question the miracle also question accord the theory of atonement; they assert that it does not accord with their idea of justice for one to die for others. Let each one bear his own sins and the punishments due for them, they say. The doctrine of vicarious suffering is not a new one; it is as old as the race. That one should suffer for others is one of the most familiar of principles and we see the principle illustrated every day of our lives. Take the family, for instance; from the day the mother's first child is born, for twenty-five or thirty years they are scarcely out of her waking thoughts. She sacrifices for them, she surrenders herself to them. Is it because

she expects them to pay her back? Fortunate for the parent and fortunate for the child if the latter has an opportunity to repay in part the debt it owes. But no child can compensate a parent for a parent's care. In the course of nature the debt is paid, not to the parent, but to the next generation, each generation suffering and sacrificing for the one following.

"Nor is this confined to the family. Every step in advance has been made possible by those who have been willing to sacrifice for posterity. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience and free government have all been won for the world by those who were willing to make sacrifices for their fellows. So well established is this doctrine that we do not regard any one as great unless he recognizes how unimportant his life is in comparison with the problems with which he deals.

"I find proof that man was made in the image of his Creator in the fact that, throughout the centuries, man has been willing to die that blessings denied to him might be enjoyed by his children, his children's children and the world.

"The seeming paradox: 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it,' has an application wider than that usually given to it; it is an epitome of history. Those who live only for themselves live little lives, but those who give themselves for the advancement of things greater than themselves find a larger life than the one surrendered. Wendell Phillips gave expression to the same idea when he said: 'How prudently most men

sink into nameless graves, while now and then a few forget themselves into immortality.'

"Instead of being an unnatural plan, the plan of salvation is in perfect harmony with human nature as we understand it. Sacrifice is the language of love, and Christ, in suffering for the world, adopted the only means of reaching the heart, and this can be demonstrated, not only by theory but by experience, for the story of His life, His teachings, His sufferings, and His death has been translated into every language and everywhere it has touched the heart.

"But if I were going to present an argument in favor of the divinity of Christ, I would not begin with miracles or mystery or theory of atonement. I would begin as Carnegie Simpson begins in his book entitled, 'The Fact of Christ.' Commencing with the fact that Christ lived, he points out that one cannot contemplate this undisputed fact without feeling that in some way this fact is related to those now living. He says that one can read of Alexander, of Caesar or of Napoleon, and not feel that it is a matter of personal concern; but that when one reads that Christ lived and how He lived and how He died he feels that somehow there is a chord that stretches from that life to his. As he studies the character of Christ he becomes conscious of certain virtues which stand out in bold relief—purity, humility, a forgiving spirit and an unfathomable love. The author is correct. Christ presents an example of purity in thought and life, and man, conscious of his own imperfections and grieved over his shortcomings, finds inspiration in

One who was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin. I am not sure but that we can find just here a way of determining whether one possesses the true spirit of a Christian. If he finds in the sinlessness of Christ an inspiration and a stimulus to greater effort and higher living, he is indeed a follower; if, on the other hand, he resents the reproof which the purity of Christ offers he is likely to question the divinity of Christ in order to excuse himself for not being a follower.

"Humility is a rare virtue. If one is rich he is apt to be proud of his riches; if he has distinguished ancestry, he is apt to be proud of his lineage; if he is well educated, he is apt to be proud of his learning. Some one has suggested that if one becomes humble, he soon becomes proud of his humility. Christ, however, possessed of all power, was the very personification of humility.

"The most difficult of all the virtues to cultivate is the forgiving spirit. Revenge seems to be natural to the human heart; to want to get even with an enemy is a common sin. It has even been popular to boast of vindictiveness; it was once inscribed on a monument to a hero that he had repaid both friends and enemies more than he had received. This was not the spirit of Christ. He taught forgiveness and in that incomparable prayer which He left as a model for our petitions, He made our willingness to forgive the measure by which we may claim forgiveness. He not only taught forgiveness but He exemplified His teachings in His life. When those who persecuted Him

brought Him to the most disgraceful of all deaths, His spirit of forgiveness rose above His sufferings and He prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'

"But love is the foundation of Christ's creed. The world had known love before; parents had loved children and children, parents; husband had loved wife and wife, husband; and friend had loved friend, but Jesus gave a new definition of love. His love was as boundless as the sea; its limits were so far-flung that even an enemy could not travel beyond it. Other teachers sought to regulate the lives of their followers by rule and formula, but Christ's plan was, first to purify the heart and then to leave love to direct the footsteps.

"What conclusion is to be drawn from the life, the teachings and the death of this historic figure? Reared in a carpenter shop; with no knowledge of literature, save Bible literature; with no acquaintance with philosophers living or with the writings of sages dead, this young man gathered disciples about him, promulgated a higher code of morals than the world had ever known before, and proclaiming Himself the Messiah, He taught and performed miracles for a few brief months and then was crucified; His disciples were scattered and many of them put to death; His claims were disputed, His resurrection denied and His followers persecuted, and yet from this beginning His religion has spread until millions take His name with reverence upon their lips, and thousands have been willing to die rather than surrender the faith which He put into their hearts. How shall we account for

him? 'What think ye of Christ?' It is easier to believe Him divine than to explain in any other way what He said and did and was. And I have greater faith even than before since I have visited the Orient and witnessed the successful contest which Christianity is waging against the religions and philosophies of the east.

"I was thinking a few years ago of the Christmas which was then approaching and of Him in whose honor the day is celebrated. I recalled the message, 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' and then my thoughts ran back to the prophecy uttered centuries before His birth, in which He was described as the Prince of Peace. To re-inforce my memory I re-read the prophecy and found immediately following a verse which I had forgotten—a verse which declares that of the increase of His peace and government there shall be no end, for, adds Isaiah, 'He shall judge His people with justice and with judgment.' Thinking of the prophecy I have selected this theme that I may present some of the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the title, 'The Prince of Peace,' and that in the years to come it will be more and more applied to Him. Faith in Him brings peace to the heart and His teachings, when applied will bring peace between man and man. And if he can bring peace to each heart, and if His creed will bring peace throughout the earth, who will deny His right to be called 'The Prince of Peace?'

"All the world is in search of peace; every heart

that ever beat has sought for peace, and may have been the methods employed to secure it. Some have thought to purchase it with riches and they have labored to secure wealth hoping to find peace when they were able to go where they pleased and buy what they liked. Of those who have endeavored to purchase peace with money, the large majority have failed to secure the money. But what has been the experience of those who have been successful in accumulating money? They all tell the same story, viz., that they spent the first half of their lives trying to get money from others, and the last half trying to keep others from getting their money, and that they found peace in neither half. Some have even reached the point where they find difficulty in getting people to accept their money; and I know of no better indication of the ethical awakening in this country than the increasing tendency to scrutinize the methods of money-making. A long step in advance will have been taken when religious, educational and charitable institutions refuse to condone immoral methods in business and leave the possessor of ill-gotten gains to learn the loneliness of life when one prefers money to morals.

"Some have sought peace in social distinction, but whether they have been within the charmed circle and fearful lest they might fall out, or outside and hopeful that they might get in, they have not found peace.

"Some have thought, vain thought! to find peace in political prominence; but whether office comes by birth, as in monarchies, or by election, as in republics,

it does not bring peace. An office is conspicuous only when few can occupy it. Only when few in a generation can hope to enjoy an honor, do we call it a great honor. I am glad that our Heavenly Father did not make the peace of the human heart depend upon the accumulation of wealth, or upon the securing of social or political distinction, for in either case but few could have enjoyed it. But when He made peace the reward of a conscience void of offense toward God and man, He put it within the reach of all.—The poor can secure it as easily as the rich, the social outcast as freely as the leader of society and the humblest citizen equally with those who wield political power.

“To those who have grown gray in the faith I need not speak of, the peace to be found in the belief in an overruling Providence. Christ taught that our lives are precious in the sight of God, and poets have taken up to the theme and woven it into immortal verse. No uninspired writer has expressed the idea more beautifully than William Cullen Bryant, in the ‘Ode to a Waterfowl.’ After following the wanderings of the bird of passage as it seeks first its northern and then its southern home, he concludes:

“Thou art gone; the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form, but on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

“He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.”

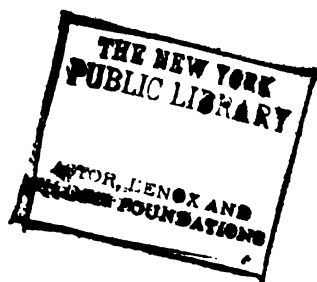


"Christ promoted peace by giving us assurance that a line of communication can be established between the Father above and the child below. And who will measure the consolation that has been brought to troubled hearts by the hour of prayer?

"And immortality! Who will estimate the peace which a belief in a future life has brought to the sorrowing? You may talk to the young about death ending all, for life is full and hope is strong, but preach not this doctrine to the mother who stands by the deathbed of her babe or to one who is within the shadow of a great affliction. When I was a young man I wrote to Colonel Ingersoll and asked him for his views on God and immortality. His secretary answered that the great infidel was not at home, but enclosed a copy of a speech which covered my question. I scanned it with eagerness and found that he had expressed himself about as follows: 'I do not say that there is no God, I simply say I do not know. I do not say that there is no life beyond the grave; I simply say I do not know.' And from that day to this, I have not been able to understand how any one could find pleasure in taking from any human heart a living faith and substituting therefor the cold cheerless doctrine, 'I do not know.'

"Christ gave us proof of immortality and yet it would hardly seem necessary that one should rise from the dead to convince us that the grave is not the end. To every created thing God has given a tongue that proclaims a resurrection.

"If the Father deigns to touch with divine power





**MAYOR FRANCIS W. BROWN, OF LINCOLN,**  
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the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another spring-time, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am as sure that there is another life as I am that I live today!

"In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than three thousand years in an Egyptian tomb. As I looked at them this thought came unto my mind; if one of those grains had been planted out on the banks of the Nile the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would today be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world. There is in the grain of wheat an invisible something which has power to discard the body that we see, and from earth and air fashion a new body so much like the old one that we cannot tell the one from the other. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a

body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled into dust.

"A belief in immortality not only consoles the individual but it exerts a powerful influence in bringing peace between individuals. If one really thinks that man dies as the brute dies, he may yield to the temptation to do injustice to his neighbor when the circumstances are such as to promise security from detection. But if one really expects to meet again, and live eternally with those whom he knows today, he is restrained from evil deeds by the fear of endless remorse. We do not know what rewards are in store for us or what punishments may be reserved, but if there were no other punishment it would be enough for one who deliberately and consciously wrongs another to have to live forever in the company of the person wronged, and have his littleness and selfishness laid bare. I repeat, a belief in immortality must exert a powerful influence in establishing justice between men and thus laying the foundation for peace.

"Again, Christ deserves to be called the Prince of Peace because He has given us a measure of greatness which promotes peace. When His disciples disputed among themselves as to which should be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, He rebuked them and said: 'Let him who would be chiefest among you be the servant of all.' Service is the measure of greatness; it always has been true; it is true today and it always will be true, that he is greatest who does the most of good. And yet, what a revolution it will work in this old world when this standard becomes the standard of

life. Nearly all of our controversies and combats arise from the fact that we are trying to get something from each other—there will be peace when our aim is to do something for each other. Our enmities and animosities arise from the effects to get as much as possible out of the world—there will be peace when our endeavor is to put as much as possible into the world. Society will take an immeasurable step toward peace when it estimates a citizen by his output rather than by his income, and gives the crown of its approval to the one who makes the largest contribution to the welfare of all. It is the glory of the Christian ideal that, while it is within sight of the weakest and the lowliest, it is yet so high that the best and the noblest are kept with their faces turned ever upward.

“Christ has also led the way to peace by giving us a formula for the propagation of good. Not all of those who have really desired to do good have employed the Christian method—not all Christians even in all the history of the human race, but two methods have been employed. The first is the forcible method. A man has an idea which he thinks is good; he tells his neighbors about it and they do not like it. This makes him angry and, seizing a club, he attempts to make them like it. One trouble about this rule is that it works both ways; when a man starts out to compel his neighbors to think as he does, he generally finds them willing to accept the challenge and they spend so much time in trying to coerce each other that they have no time left to be of service to each other.

"The other is the Bible plan—be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good. And there is no other way of overcoming evil. I am not much of a farmer—I get more credit for my farming than I deserve, and my little farm receives more advertising than it is entitled to. But I am farmer enough to know that if I cut down weeds they will spring up again, and I know that if I plant something there which has more vitality than the weeds, I shall not only get rid of the constant cutting but have the benefit of the crop besides.

"In order that there might be no mistake about His plan of propagating good, Christ went into detail and laid down emphasis upon the value of example—'so live that others seeing your good works may be constrained to glorify your Father which is in Heaven.' There is no human influence so potent for good as that which goes out from an upright life. A sermon may be answered; the arguments presented in a speech may be disputed, but no one can answer a Christian life—it is the unanswerable argument in favor of our religion.

"It may be a slow process—this conversion of the world by the silent influence of a noble example, but it is the only sure one, and the doctrine applies to nations as well as to individuals. The Gospel of the Prince of Peace gives us the only hope that the world has—and it is an increasing hope—of the substitution of reason for the arbitrament of force in the settlement of international disputes.

"But Christ has given us a platform more funda-

mental than any political party has ever written. We are interested in platforms; we attend conventions, sometimes traveling long distances; we have wordy wars over the phraseology of various planks and then we wage earnest campaigns to secure the endorsement of these platforms at the polls. But the platform given to the world by the Nazarene is more far-reaching and more comprehensive than any platform even written by the convention of any party in any country. When He condensed into one commandment those of the ten which relate of man's duty toward his fellows and enjoined upon us the rule, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' He presented a plan for the solution of all the problems that now vex society or may hereafter arise. Other remedies may palliate or postpone the day of settlement, but this is all-sufficient and the reconciliation which it effects is a permanent one.

"If I were to attempt to apply this thought to various questions which are at issue, I might be accused of entering the domain of partisan politics, but I may safely apply it to two great problems. First, let us consider the question of capital and labor. This is not a transient issue or a local one. It engages the attention of the people of all countries and has appeared in every age. The immediate need in this country is arbitration, for neither side to the controversy can be trusted to deal with absolute justice, if allowed undisputed control; but arbitration, like a court, is a last resort. It would be better if the relations between employer and employe were such as to make arbitra-



tion unnecessary. Just in proportion as men recognize their kinship to each other and deal with each other in the spirit of brotherhood will friendship and harmony be secured. Both employer and employe need to cultivate the spirit which follows from obedience to the great commandment.

"The second problem to which I would apply this platform of peace is that which relates to the accumulation of wealth. We cannot much longer delay consideration of the ethics of money-making. That many of the enormous fortunes which have been accumulated in the last quarter of a century are now held by men who have given to society no adequate service in return for the money secured is now generally recognized. While legislation can and should protect the public from predatory wealth, a more effective remedy will be found in the cultivation of a public opinion which will substitute a higher ideal than the one which tolerates the enjoyment of unearned gains. No man who really knows what brotherly love is will desire to take advantage of his neighbor, and the conscience when not seared will admonish against injustice. My faith in the future rests upon the belief that Christ's teachings are being more studied today than ever before, and that with this larger study will come an application of those teachings to the every day life of the world. In former times men read that Christ came to bring life and immortality to light and placed the emphasis upon immortality; now they are studying Christ's relation to human life. In former years many thought to prepare themselves for future bliss

by a life of seclusion here; now they are learning that they cannot follow in the footsteps of the Master unless they go about doing good. Christ declared that He came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. The world is learning that Christ came not to narrow life, but to enlarge it—to fill it with purpose, earnestness and happiness.

“But this Prince of Peace promises not only peace but strength. Some have thought His teachings fit only for the weak and the timid and unsuited to men of vigor, energy and ambition. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Only the man of faith can be courageous, confident that he fights on the side of Jehovah he doubts not the success of his cause. What matters it whether he shares in the shouts of triumph? If every word spoken in behalf of truth has its influence and every deed done for the right weighs in the final account, it is immaterial to the Christian whether his eyes behold victory or whether he dies in the midst of the conflict.

“Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here,

“Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpets mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o’er thy grave.”

“Only those who believe attempt the seemingly impossible, and, by attempting, prove that one with God can chase a thousand, and two can put ten thousand to flight. I can imagine that the early Christians who

were carried into the arena to make a spectacle for those more savage than the beasts, were entreated by their doubting companions not to endanger their lives. But, kneeling in the center of the arena, they prayed and sang until they were devoured. How helpless they seemed, and, measured by every human rule, how helpless was their cause! And yet within a few decades the power which they invoked proved mightier than the legions of the emperor, and the faith in which they died was triumphant o'er all that land. It is said that those who went to mock at their sufferings returned asking themselves 'What is it that can enter into the heart of man and make him die as these die?' They were greater conquerors in their death than they could have been had they purchased life by a surrender of their faith.

"What would have been the fate of the church if the early Christians had had as little faith as many of our Christians now have? And, on the other hand, if the Christians of today had the faith of the martyrs, how long would it be before the fulfillment of the prophecy that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess?

"Our faith should be even stronger than the faith of those who lived two thousand years ago for we see our religion spreading and supplanting the philosophies and creeds of the Orient.

"As the Christian grows older he appreciates more and more the completeness with which Christ fills the requirements of the heart, and, grateful for the peace

which he enjoys and for the strength which he has received, he repeats the words of the great scholar, Sir William Jones:

"Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,  
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth,  
Thus let me kneel till this dull form decay,  
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### BRYAN'S FRIENDS.

Mr. Bryan has friends in almost every rank in life. Possibly he has more in the workingman's class than in others. It is hard to say. He undoubtedly has a comprehensive knowledge of the United States, in sections and as a whole. For some fifteen or twenty years he has journeyed up and down, in and out, across and back, over this country, until he knows every city, every village and almost every crossroad. It is small wonder that he has gained some friends in this journeying to and fro and it is probable that he has gained more in his non-political talks than in his regular campaign speeches.

Augustus Thomas, in the *North American Review* for June, 1908, says:

"It is impossible to listen to Mr. Bryan through an extended discourse and not gain an added appreciation of the character of the man; and this impression is abiding. He has gained innumerable friends in his non-political talks."

An example of the steadfastness of some of his friends who would cleave to him even after death is the action of B. B. Norris of Mexico, Mo., who died

in 1900. Mr. Norris left instructions that the following epitaph be carved upon his tombstone:

"Kind friends I've left behind,  
Cast your votes for Jennings Bryan."

Speaker Cannon was surprised in Pennsylvania once by an evidence of the number of friends Mr. Bryan has in the Keystone state. It was in Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1906, when Mr. Cannon was addressing an audience in the Academy of Music. During a pause a voice shouted, "How about Bryan?"

Mr. Cannon replied, "He is wasting his time going about the country speaking."

"He's the next President, all right," the voice answered.

"That is one man's opinion," retorted the speaker.

And the voice answered, "Is it? Three cheers for Bryan!" And that Pennsylvania audience responded with such cheers as have seldom been heard within the staid precincts of the Academy of Music.

Another instance of the number of Bryan's friends in an entirely different section of the country is evinced in the story that came from Denver in June, 1906. It was on June 10, that Dr. Coyle, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, told in his pulpit of Mr. Bryan's refusing an invitation to a great dinner in Japan, given on Sunday by a governor of one of the provinces. Mr. Bryan declined the invitation, ex-

plaining simply, "I always go to church on the Lord's day." After relating this incident, Dr. Coyle declared:

"Nothing on earth but the death of President Roosevelt can keep Mr. Bryan from being the next President of the United States."

And, according to the press report, the vast congregation "stood up, cheered and wildly applauded, forgetting their surroundings."

This is but one example of the manner in which Mr. Bryan makes friends. They do not always agree with his political theories, and not all of them vote for him on election day, but that they are his friends cannot be denied.

Many of the boyhood friends of Mr. Bryan continue to be the close friends of today. One of his close advisers is Mayor F. W. Brown, of Lincoln, a friend in the days of their young manhood in Jacksonville, Ill. Mr. Brown has been twice elected mayor of Lincoln, a Republican city, and his success has pleased Mr. Bryan. Mayor Brown was elected a delegate at large to the Denver convention of 1908, and served as Nebraska's member of the resolution committee.

Edward H. Goltra, the St. Louis millionaire in whose yacht the Bryans spent their first night after their return to America in 1906, went to school with

Bryan. Mrs. Goltra and Mrs. Bryan also were school-mates in Illinois.

In England Mr. Bryan was received by King Edward. He was also welcomed by a gray haired woman in a little cottage in Oxfordshire. She gave him a parcel and a message of love. Mr. Bryan handed over the parcel, which contained a plum pudding, and delivered the words of affection to Motorman John Cole, who guides a College View car, east of the Bryan farm and whose home it was that Bryan visited in Oxfordshire.

Neighbors received tokens from abroad, pebbles from the Sea of Galilee and other curios.

Numbered among Mr. Bryan's intimate friends is Farmer J. V. Wolfe, with whom Mr. Bryan has gravely debated the gopher problem at the semi-monthly meeting of the Farmers' Club. Dr. A. G. Faulkner owns a handsome residence near the Bryan place. For fifteen years Dr. Faulkner lived in Mr. Bryan's precinct and voted against him every time. He says he will never again vote against a neighbor who is running for the Presidency of the United States. Another neighbor is J. C. Seacrest, who is interested in two Republican newspapers.

Dr. P. L. Hall, president of the Central National Bank of Lincoln, is now Democratic national committeeman. He is a prominent leader of his party and



has been a firm friend and trusted counselor of Bryan for years. He was educated for the medical profession but later became a financier. Dr. Hall stands high in the councils of his party and has declined on several occasions high political honors. He has served as state chairman in several campaigns.

T. S. Allen, a brother-in-law of Mr. Bryan, has been chairman of the Democratic state central committee. He has led the Nebraska Democracy in several hotly contested political fights.

H. E. Newbranch, of Omaha, H. C. Richmond, of Fremont, Arthur F. Mullen, of O'Neill, H. H. Hanks, of Nebraska City, John Donovan, of Madison, Edgar Howard, of Columbus, "Chris." Gruenther, of Platte Center, and C. J. Bowlby, of Crete, are active partisans in the Bryan ranks in Nebraska.

Embracing men and women of every calling and all conditions of humanity, Mr. Bryan's enthusiastic friends are loyal and true. For twelve years he has been their idol and their prophet. And at Fairview the distinguished guest receives no more marks of favor nor more courteous welcome than the humblest citizen of the commonwealth.

The free silver delegation which left Lincoln for Chicago, July 5, 1896, was as follows: Delegates-at-large, W. J. Bryan, Lincoln; C. J. Smyth, Omaha; W. H. Thompson, Grand Island; and W. D. Oldham,

Kearney. District delegates, Frank J. Morgan, Cass county; C. S. Jones, Lancaster county; John A. Creighton and Charles H. Brown, Douglas county; C. Hollenbeck, Dodge county; G. A. Luikart, Madison county; C. J. Bowlby, Saline county; Ed. C. Biggs, Seward county; D. Walsh, Red Willow county; F. A. Thompson, Clay county; Dr. A. T. Blackburn, Holt county; and J. C. Dahlman, Dawes county. Among other Nebraskans who were active at the Nebraska headquarters at the Clifton hotel in Chicago that year were G. M. Hitchcock, J. H. McDonald and J. B. Sheehan, of Omaha; Henry Koehler, of Blue Hill, and D. P. Rolfe, of Nebraska City.

The list of Nebraska delegates to the Democratic convention of 1900 at Kansas City was as follows:

Delegates-at-large: A. S. Tibbetts, R. L. Metcalfe, W. H. Thompson, W. D. Oldham. Alternates-at-large: Edward Streeter, A. A. Plummer, F. J. Morgan, Dr. Bowman.

First district: Delegates, C. E. Cotton, J. H. Miles; alternates, A. F. Nelson, J. W. Johnson.

Second district: Delegates, A. J. Creighton, L. J. Patti; alternates, P. J. Melia, P. H. Dessler.

Third district: Delegates, P. H. Kohl, Jonas Welch; alternates, W. S. Collett, James W. Tanner.

Fourth district: Delegates, W. H. Taylor, Harry Metzger; alternates, G. O. Brophy, J. F. Gerecke.

Fifth district: Delegates, G. W. Tibbetts, Patrick Walsh; alternates, Fred England, A. F. Kelly.

Sixth district: Delegates, M. C. Harrington, T. F. Mahoney; alternates, Samuel Smyser, C. A. Barnes.

Among prominent Nebraskans other than delegates who appeared at the convention were Governor Poynter, General P. H. Barry, J. C. Dahlman, F. W. Brown, R. S. Horton, G. M. Hitchcock, R. S. Horton, Fred Cosgrove Dr. P. L. Hall, Tom Worrall, Lee Herdman, Dr. Edwards, Clay Edwards, Edgar Howard, S. M. Patterson, Dr. J. N. Lyman, J. G. Maher, W. B. Price, J. H. Edmisten, E. E. Brown, Benton Maret and Senator Allen.

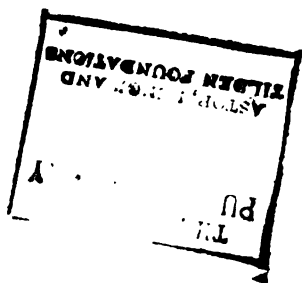
The Nebraska delegates to the Democratic national convention of 1908, pledged to Bryan and instructed to vote for him throughout the nominating contest, were as follows:

Delegates-at-large—Mayor F. W. Brown, Lincoln; I. J. Dunn, Omaha; Dan V. Stephens, Fremont; Felix J. Hale, Atkinson.

First district—John H. Moorhead, Falls City; Monroe T. Connor, Auburn. Alternates, John K. Henninger, Pawnee City; George Warren, Tecumseh.

Second district—George Rogers, Omaha; Dr. W. J. McCrann, South Omaha. Alternates, Thomas F. Kelly, Washington county; J. A. Peterson, Sarpy county.





Third district—William A. Smith, Beemer; Phil H. Kohl, Wayne. Alternates, James Hughes, Schuyler; B. N. Saunders, Creighton.

Fourth district—J. F. Gerke, Seward; Bartholemew Koehler, Geneva. Alternates, Charles Krumbach, Shelby; John Byrnes, Hebron.

Fifth district—C. E. Harmon, Holdrege; B. F. Scroggin, Oak. Alternates, R. S. Logan, Stockville; James Bell, Franklin.

Sixth district—Andrew M. Morrissey, Valentine; James R. Swayne, Ord. Alternates, Joseph Oberfelder, Sidney; A. I. Woodsum, Lexington.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### NOTES ON BRYAN'S CAREER.

Eighteen thousand miles was the distance traveled by Mr. Bryan in the campaign of 1896. That was the equivalent of several journeys across the American continent, and equal to three-fourths of the distance around the globe. On that extensive tour Bryan paid as much attention to the smaller towns as to the larger ones. He stopped at nearly all of them, ate his meals in various sorts of places, slept in all kinds of beds, was awakened at unseasonable hours, slumbered when he could catch a few moments for rest and came through it all strong and rugged.

One of Bryan's unprejudiced biographers says of him: "He does not smoke or use intoxicants. His wit is sharp and his mind active. He tells a story well, and has a fine sense of humor. He uses the best of English, is cultured, well read and an orator of great convincing power. Dresses in black and wears a soft hat. In Europe he wore a silk hat. His mouth is the most prominent feature of his countenance. It is large and expressive."

A typical Bryan story, told by his opponents, came out at the time the government decided to issue a thirteen-cent stamp for registered letters to foreign countries. Almost before the announcement was

"cold" a Kansas man wrote to the third assistant post-master general, requesting that the face of Mr. Bryan adorn the new thirteen-cent stamp. "He has been so famous, but so unlucky," explained the Kansan. The department wrote back and told its correspondent that the faces of men who were dead were the only ones eligible for stamps. The Kansan turned the letter over and scribbled: "Well, ain't he dead enough?" This story is not vouched for by the authors. It is merely related to give an idea of the kind of humor to which Mr. Bryan was subjected during the early years of his national career. It is evident that he has refused to stay "dead." All of the political signs for the year 1908, a long time after the above joke was originated, showed that Mr. Bryan was still very much alive.

Henry Barrett Chamberlain, editor of the Voter, a political magazine published in Chicago, says there was a small Presidential bee buzzing within the confines of Mr. Bryan's headgear when he left Omaha for the national convention of 1896. Bryan was in the office of the World-Herald, of which he was editor, a short time before taking a street car for the depot and, according to Mr. Chamberlain, was talking with Frank Basil Tracy, now an eastern newspaper man but then managing a news bureau in Omaha. "Have you a chance, Will, to land the big prize?" was



Tracy's inquiry as they stood at the top of the serpentine stairway which led from the editorial floor to the business office below. "I may have, Frank," was the answer. "We think that this silver movement has taken a strong hold on the people and there is a chance that we may have a sufficient number of delegates to control the convention. There will not be much merit in the fight. If we have the delegates in sufficient numbers we will seat our fellows. If the gold people are in strong force we will be denied a hearing. I have my lightning rod up and my hearing is splendid. I shall be able to hear any call that comes in my direction." The boys in the World-Herald office, says Mr. Chamberlain, wished Bryan good luck. It was a half-serious joke that he might be possible Presidential timber. The late Carl Smith, then managing editor, afterward of the Chicago Record, was one of his "rooters," and so was R. L. Metcalfe, now associate editor of the Commoner and at that time Mr. Bryan's editorial associate on the World-Herald. All of the "boys" in the office were talking and joking about Bryan's chances and were choosing the appointments they would ask for in the event of the editor's success in the convention and at the polls. Chamberlain has an amusing story about Gilbert Hitchcock, owner of the World-Herald, who accompanied Bryan and who was to help cover the

convention. When the surprise came in the form of Bryan's nomination Hitchcock was so excited that about all he could send to Omaha was "Hurrah for Bryan," and it required a deft manipulation of "copy" in the Omaha office to complete the convention story of that day.

It has been said, on presumably good authority, that Mr. Bryan's newspaper salary, at the time of his nomination for the Presidency, was \$30 a week. When he went to Chicago to attend the convention that nominated him for the highest office in the land Bryan, according to one biographer, had \$60. He stopped at the Clifton house, across the street from the more pretentious Palmer house, and when he arrived at the hotel he gave the clerk an envelope containing his money, excepting two or three dollars which he wanted for incidental expenses as he moved about the city. At the conclusion of the convention proceedings, after he had been nominated for President, Bryan paid his hotel bill, which was only \$30, and started for Omaha with nearly \$30 in his pocket. Bryan himself says, "for the encouragement of those who still believe that money is not necessary to secure a Presidential nomination," that his entire expenses while in attendance upon the convention were less than \$100. He had a small room in the hotel, at a reasonable rate, and when he arrived no more atten-

tion was paid him by the hotel management than was paid to hundreds of other applicants for accommodations. He arrived in Chicago unhonored and unobserved. He left with his name upon every tongue, the nominee of a great party for the highest office within the gift of the American people.

We quote Mr. Chamberlain again: "When Mr. Bryan finally made his sensational speech, divesting himself of the 'crown of thorns and cross of gold' argument, which gave him fame and afterward the Democratic nomination and leadership, he went back to his hotel and to his little room. His performance in the convention hall had reached the ears of the management of the hostelry and it was suggested that he ought to have more commodious quarters, but Mr. Bryan was deaf to the suggestion. He felt that he could not afford a better room than the one he was occupying. When he was nominated the management insisted that he move to the parlor floor—an insignificant bedroom was no place for the standard-bearer of a great party. Mr. Bryan moved on the assurance that the new quarters would not cost more than those he was occupying."

The Chicago speech which won the nomination for Bryan in 1896 was not written out in full. Portions of the oration had been used in a Fourth of July debate with John P. Irish at Crete, Neb. Irish was

President Cleveland's collector of the port of San Francisco and was noted as an orator. Several thousand Nebraskans shouted approval of Bryan's speech at Crete, while Irish was a long distance from having the sympathy of his audience. Gilbert M. Hitchcock, owner of the Omaha World-Herald, is authority for the statement that Bryan's famous speech was never written out. Hitchcock says an attempt was to have been made to elect Bryan as permanent chairman of the convention and that the speech was to be used in that connection. However, when the fight over the platform began Mr. Bryan faced an altogether different situation when he arose to speak. The conditions were right for him, however; he drew inspiration from the audience; he had his subject well in hand and years of hard work at oratory made him equal to the great task.

Mr. Bryan's own account of the delivery of that famous Chicago address is as follows: "Just before the platform was reported to the convention, Senator Jones (the late James K. Jones) sent for me and asked me to take charge of the debate. In dividing the time I was to have twenty minutes to close, but as the minority used ten minutes more than the time originally allotted, my time was extended ten minutes. The concluding sentence of my speech was criticized both favorably and unfavorably. I had

used the idea in substantially the same form in a speech in Congress, but did not recall the fact when I used it in the convention. A portion of the speech was extemporaneous, and its arrangement entirely so, but parts had been prepared for another occasion. Next to the conclusion (the portion referring to the crown of thorns and cross of gold) the part most quoted was the definition of the term, 'business men.' Since I became interested in the discussion of monetary questions, I have often had occasion to note and comment upon the narrowness of some of the terms used, and nowhere is this narrowness more noticeable than in the attempt to ignore the most important business men of the country, the real creators of wealth."

One of Mr. Bryan's gifts to the public, for which he has the thanks of the people of Lincoln, was a tract of ground that has been added to the City park. This new park lies between the city proper and Bryan's suburban home and borders a small stream called the Antelope. A number of gifts of land were made, one of the largest being that of Mr. Bryan, and when the park was opened two years ago he was the principal speaker. Mayor Brown, of Lincoln, is one of Bryan's closest friends and it was through him that the offering of a part of the Fairview estate for public use was made. Bryan's brother, Charles W., is a mem-

ber of the Lincoln Park Commission and he takes a particular pride in helping to develop the pleasure ground, especially in the acquirement of a "zoo," which now includes a number of wild animals of the western plains that graze almost up to the west fence of the Bryan farm.

Visitors to Lincoln who desire to see the Bryan home may take a "College View" street car near any of the depots and ride to the little station near the farm. This station is a diminutive affair of frame and is simply a tiny shelter for waiting passengers when the weather makes standing out of doors an unpleasant task. The Bryan house is a five-minutes' walk from the trolley line, and those who do not have the time to leave the car may get an ample survey of Fairview from where they sit in the moving coach.

Mr. Bryan votes at Normal, the little suburban village lying south of the Bryan farm and between it and College View. The polling place is a small store and Bryan is always there on election day. He takes an interest in all the affairs of the neighborhood and belongs to a farmers' club that is composed of residents of the Normal district. Sometimes this club meets at Fairview and its members, including women and men, always find a cordial welcome in the Bryan home.

The "D street cottage," in which Bryan lived dur-

ing the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, has twice been sold since Mr. Bryan disposed of it and moved to his country home. It is still one of the city's "points of interest" and on the front porch may be seen the insulators that carried into the house the wires over which the news of two defeats was flashed.

Mr. Bryan is not a hard man to interview, but he insists that he be quoted correctly. A few years ago he had an unhappy experience in Kansas City, one of the newspapers there crediting him with a statement that he did not make. It was not done intentionally, the reporter simply being "twisted" as to his facts, but Mr. Bryan was for a long time exceedingly careful when he talked to a Kansas City newspaper man—and possibly he still uses the same measure of precaution when he goes there. If he is to give an interview on an important topic, he prefers to "write it out" for the reporter, and then he insists that the matter be printed just as he has prepared it.

Bryan believes that the newspaper profession is the greatest on earth, and if he has his way about it his son, William J., Jr., will learn the business from the beginning as far as he can go, and devote his life to it. Bryan has little patience with some of the newspaper methods that are employed, but that does not destroy his respect for the profession. He be-

lieves that more good men ought to engage in it so that it may be lifted from the plane where it rests to the level upon which many conscientious editors and publishers throughout the civilized world are seeking to place it.

At a banquet in Lincoln Mr. Bryan good-naturedly countered on an opposition paper. The editor was present. Mr. Bryan alluded to this gentleman and remarked that he had much to be thankful for. He could now send a home paper to a friend, he said, without cutting out more than one-third of it. However, Lincoln was such a pleasant city that one must excuse its unruly conduct on one day of the year—election day.

Mr. Bryan hunts ducks at rare intervals. He opposes the slaughter of animals and will not participate in a general hunting expedition.

In the campaign of 1896 Mr. Bryan was given twenty horseshoes. He declared he did not know whether the number nullified the charm or whether he was really lucky after all.

Artists have made much over the resemblance of Bryan to Washington. With a wig properly placed, the resemblance is startling.

Chester Power, of Humboldt, Neb., affirms that Mr. Bryan has strict regard for his word. While stumping the First district some years ago, Mr. Bryan told



the people of the town that after election he would return and "see what the town needed." Two weeks after election he came. The Democrats were amazed in the first place to elect a Congressman. The second surprise came when he fulfilled this promise, made in the excitement of the canvass.

In New York city a friend "evened up" with Mrs. Bryan. "I am not an issue," Mrs. Bryan said pleasantly to a reporter seeking an interview. "If you were," said a member of the national Democratic committee, "Mr. Bryan would have been President long ago." There was nothing for Mrs. Bryan to do except bow and smile.

While speaking in Connecticut soon after his return from a trip around the world, Mr. Bryan told a story at the expense of his home city. He said: "Out of my abundance of caution, and exhibiting that conversation which people say is more evident than it used to be (laughter) I have tried to restrain myself to strict non-partisanship. One time delegates from all the churches of my city held a meeting in a church to discuss certain political principles. I was not content to let a Republican do all the talking. So I went and spoke. "Next morning a Republican made a great roar by saying that Bryan had desecrated a church by making a political speech. 'He said vote for the best man,' asserted the irate Repub-

lican. So since that time I have been more than careful."

Easterners were greatly amused at a story Mr. Bryan told at his own expense. It seemed that Mr. Bryan had been called on to deliver an address near his home city. "The chairman, a good-natured Irishman," said Mr. Bryan, "came to me and wanted to know how I wanted to be introduced. I asked him to refer to me as 'Mr. Bryan, a lawyer of Jacksonville.' I had just been admitted to the bar and wanted the fact known. The chairman came to me half a dozen times to be sure he had it right, and finally introduced me, saying, 'Mr. O'Brien will now shpake.'"

At Stamford, Conn., the train stopped in such a position that hundreds of people who wanted to see the traveller who had just returned from Europe had to cross a narrow footbridge. However, about a hundred managed to get to the rear platform. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Bryan. "All aboard," shouted the conductor. "I have only a moment to greet you," said Mr. Bryan, speaking louder as the train moved faster, "and that is not enough to enter upon the discussion of any subject." While the crowd stood in amazement Mr. Bryan's voice rang out clear as a bugle from the platform of the retreating train: "I'll come again." Then everybody shouted with delight.

In a New Jersey city Mr. Bryan by a deft oratorical thrust rescued a man from the grasp of three policemen and won round after round of applause. The speaker had just alluded to his defeat for the Presidency. "Yes, and we'll do it again," shrieked a man in the crowd. A policeman seized him and the officer was quickly joined by two others. Like a flash Mr. Bryan thundered: "Officer, let that man alone. He has a right to his opinions. He's just the man I am talking to."

In Lincoln, during the Bryan reception in September, 1906, a 4-year-old colored boy, Adonis Andrews, was injured by falling under the wheels of a carriage. Mr. Bryan visited the boy while the surgeon was present. He took especial interest in the youth and rendered the injured one all the assistance in his power.

During his trip around the world Mr. Bryan was accorded flattering honors. At San Francisco, Cal., in October, 1905, he was given a rousing "send off." At Honolulu he was received by the governor, indulged in surf riding and visited the various points of interest. In Japan he was presented to the Mikado at a reception for Admiral Togo. Korean officials extended many courtesies. He addressed the Filipino assembly and was made a Datto. In China he made addresses at Hong Kong and Canton. In Egypt he

was entertained royally in Cairo and Alexandria. When he reached Hungary he was received with the highest honors in Budapest. At Constantinople he was the chief attraction. In India Mr. Bryan conversed with famous scholars of the country. In Italy he was a guest at many banquets. Mr. Bryan made addresses before important gatherings in France. Switzerland accorded him the highest honors of the government. In Norway he was present at the coronation of King Haakon. Mr. Bryan addressed the duma at St. Petersburg. In Germany he was honored by the Kaiser. In England he met King Edward, he was a guest of Ambassador Reid and he made a Fourth of July address. In Holland he was the nation's guest and visited all points of interest. In New York, August 30, he was given a memorable reception by his friends. All these honors were unexpected. Mr. Bryan had planned to take a quiet trip.











